Our Free Zeppelin Insurance Coupon is on page 27.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 548. DECEMBER 2, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 996166
For meaning of this number see p. 29.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Message from our Boys at the Front:

Send us Khaki coloured

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

Mind you get the EXCELDA quality.

Ask for **EXCELDA** Soft Collars, Fronts and Shirts.

Steele's Adv. Ser.

"You've only to say the word—

And the home you have longed for, the home you have dreamed of, the beautiful home you have set your heart on is——YOURS!

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Come to the "Midland" to-day, or write for the "Midland" Book. Choose whatever you like best out of the £100,000 worth of superb furniture in the "Midland" Salons. No need to draw on your investments. You can pay out of income, at your own convenience.

For the "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—no deposit—no extras whatsoever. And the "Midland" prices make every purchase a bargain.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over photographs actuaken inside the nd" Salons. A d brings it free.

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Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

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Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 3

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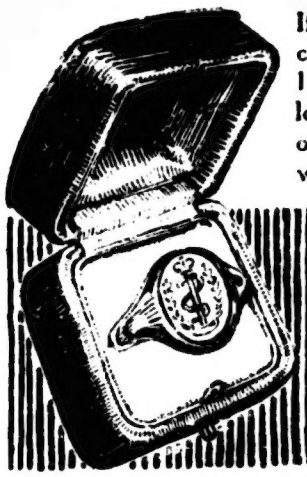

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This Joywheel will be one piece of joy from the time your boy begins to build it until he has given his sister's teddy bears and dolls such a whirl as makes them giddy. Then he can take it to pieces and, still using the same parts, build a loom to weave scarves and belts in colours, or a motor car that runs, or a clock that keeps time, or a crane—in fact any of the 326 models in the copyright Manual of Instructions or "out of his own head." No study is required—all the genius is in the Meccano parts, which are designed to make everything easy. Every model is engineered properly because the Meccano patented parts cover the whole range of mechanical movements. No other system does this, so he cannot build correctly unless he has Meccano.

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How to Get it. Every boy who shows three chums this advertisement and then sends us their names and addresses on a card with his own and 'No. 22' opposite his own name for reference will get this Meccano Magazine by return of post.

MECCANO Ltd
Binns Road, Liverpool.

There is a fine series of clockwork and electric **Meccano Motors** for running the models. Full particulars are given in the Meccano Magazine.

Any boy can build this with Meccano

I built it myself! It works perfectly!

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 28.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 548. Week ending Saturday, December 2nd, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Dead Emperor.

Watch Hungary—and watch Bohemia.

Those Hospital Ships.

Have America and Spain, and other Neutrals, heard o Germany's latest infamy? And, if so—*what about it? And what says Tino?*

As We Advised.

There is to be no secret session. Mr. Asquith evidently realises the danger we pointed out of giving secrets to pro-German M.P.s.

Asking For It.

When the Cabinet go on the stump let them look out for hecklers. They will be asked some awkward questions.

1911-1916.

What is all this nonsense talked about Mr. Balfour as the head of a reconstructed Coalition? Read his Too-tired-to-Lead speech in 1911 and then remember that we are in 1916, *and at war.*

What Comes First.

Have you noticed that when an officer, or a private, opens his newspaper, the first thing he invariably looks at is the Casualty List—his thoughts always being with his pals at the Front?

Signs of the "Times."

Read this—not the writing of naughty us, but from a leader in the *Times:* "There are many signs that during the war the Church of England has become increasingly conscious of a failure to reach the masses of the people."

Bishops and People.

And this from the same source: "It was the humiliation of the evidence of the Church's ineffectiveness which compelled its leaders, with all the urgency of *penitent self-reproach,* to plan the 'National Mission.'" Exactly—but when *we* said it——!

More Corroboration.

"There was unlimited whisky in the private rooms after hours, and the manager," says a correspondent, writing of a prominent hotel on the Kent Coast, "expressed regret that he had far less control of drinking, and that there was more of it under the new rules than the old."

A Missing Bill.

What about that Duke of Albany and Co. Bill? Have the Government lost it, or what is the little game?

Controller or Dictator?

Several good men, we understand, have declined the post of Food Controller. They wanted an undertaking that they would not be "controlled" by other Government departments, and they could not get it. No wonder the Government objected to the term "Dictator."

Scotch Wit.

A resolution has been passed by the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce "urging upon the Government the necessity of forming the proposed trade bank *without delay.*" What a pretty wit!

The Admiralty.

Look out for dramatic changes at the Admiralty and new posts for Jellicoe and Beatty. Then perhaps Balfour *will* wake up.

For Tommy's Sake.

In spite of the restrictions on paper and space, we have been compelled to respond to the many requests from the trenches to "give us some boxing notes." They will be found on another page, written by that prince of boxing experts, Eugene Corri.

More Penalties!

Has the Government considered the question of whether certain Members who are newspaper proprietors have vacated their seats and made themselves liable for penalties for sitting and voting, by reason of accepting extensive advertising contracts from Public Departments? There are rumours that the point is to be raised in the Courts, and the names of two or three well-known Members are being mentioned in connection with the matter.

Only a Tommy.

The other day, at Leeds station, we saw a coffin arrive, covered with the Union Jack. It was brought in a Red Cross van, and on arrival at the side of the train the flag was hurriedly removed and the coffin bundled into the van—to be met, later on, by broken-hearted parents. *Couldn't that old Flag have been spared for the rest of the journey*—even if it had to be returned?

A Message to Women.

Every wife who has lost her husband, every mother who has lost a son; every sister who has lost a brother; every sweetheart who has lost her lover, should read the Editor's message in the Christmas number of *Everywoman's.*

Be wise in time and sign our Free Zeppelin Insurance Coupon on page 27.

Silly Savings.

When will the L. and N. W. Railway Co., and others who have followed its silly example, restore the restaurant cars for long journeys? Meanwhile, the Midland—which has kept its head—must be reaping a rich harvest.

"It's a Long Way to Go!"

Some people have a queer notion of the meaning of "excellent." Says a *Times* advertisement: "EXCELLENT HOUSE, Furnished; all conveniences; garden; Bath 13 miles," etc., etc. Rather lacking in lavatory accommodation, but offering a fine excuse on wintry mornings to forgo the morning tub. We wonder how far the tenant will have to go for anything else.

Christian Charity.

A Nonconformist minister tells us that when the "Bishop's Messenger" recently arrived in his district in connection with the National Mission, he called upon him and offered to announce from his pulpit the list of special services, and that subsequently he attended the first of such services with his wife and a score of his own chapel members—only to hear the whole body of Nonconformists denounced "as not worshippers, merely hearers," and their buildings described as "not churches, but auditoriums." How these Christians do love one another!

Starving to Live.

Apropos of our recent paragraph, "A Mean Dole," a young woman of Erwood, in Breconshire, says she knows a poor old soul of 74 whose sole means of subsistence is her Old Age Pension of 5s. a week. Out of this she pays 1s. 9d. for rent, leaving 3s. 3d. for food and firing. Perhaps Mr. Asquith or the Minister for Food (when he materialises) will suggest a daily menu for this old lady at present prices. He may leave aside any question of clothes and light, for, of course, it is improper for poor old ladies of 74 to indulge themselves in such extravagant luxuries.

Huns Without Honour (German Official).

Two German non-commissioned officers and two airmen, who were interned in Holland, were allowed out of camp on their signed promise to return, but they got to Germany and are now again serving in the ranks of the Hun. When Holland complained, Germany refused to return the men, "on the ground that men below the rank of officer have no word of honour, and therefore can neither give it nor break it." The result is that Huns interned in Holland will no longer be allowed out on parole, even for a walk. We knew, of course, that German soldiers had very little sense of honour, but it is interesting to be officially informed that they have none at all.

Robbing the Dead.

A mother who has lost her only son, a corporal in the Rifle Brigade, killed last July, was gladdened a little by a notification that his belongings were being forwarded to her. She thought of little possessions of his that she might treasure till her own call came. When he left home in March his kit-bag was well stocked, and he carried as well a watch, tobacco pouch, wallet, and a number of keepsakes. When the bag with his "belongings" reached her, she unpacked it hopefully, but its only contents were:—One sock, a shirt, a cardigan jacket, a scarf (all filthily dirty), a Bible with a strange name written inside, and a torn hymn-book, the last being the only article she recognised as having been her boy's. If this means robbery, we can but marvel at the callous thief who causes such heart agony for such small gains—gains that surely scorch the looting fingers. Better supervision is promised, and not too soon, over the property of the sacred dead.

A Mother of Five.

Disconcerting statement of the *Glasgow Post*: "In a Partick train the other day a respectably dressed woman confided to a friend that her husband and five sons were engaged on munitions work, and that every Saturday her purse was augmented by no less than £36 odd." Either the *Glasgow Post* has misheard the statement, the woman has mishandled the truth, or the recruiting officer has mistaken his job.

Return Tickets.

It used to be the law that an alien, deported from this country by an Order, could not be readmitted; once gone, he was a "goner" for good. That has been altered by a new sub-section contained in a new Order in Council, for power is given to impose expulsion for a period, instead of for all time, and the order of deportation itself may be varied at any time by a Secretary of State. It is a new move that opens up fine opportunities for any Hidden Hand.

A Goody-good Grocer.

There is a grocer at Hove who wanted more exemption for his son, manager of a branch shop. He told the Tribunal that he had advertised for an assistant, but had received no replies. When pressed, that very good grocer confessed he had not advertised in trade or local journals, but—in the *Gospel Standard* and the *Christian's Pathway*. There is fun in those facts, but they are also noteworthy as showing how a "pious" person can salve his conscience by advertising in a manner which would be useless.

***Another* Bread Regulation Wanted.**

We trust that, coincident with the coming into force of the ordinance under which what is commonly called Standard Bread will be the only kind permissible, legislation will be enacted awarding heavy penalties to bakers and others guilty of adulteration and uncleanliness. At the time of what was known as the "Standard Bread Craze," we received alarming stories—some more or less verified—of the mixing with the flour of all kinds of floor sweepings, the dark colour of the "wholemeal" loaf readily lending itself to this disgusting fraud.

Bang Goes Real Gold!

From a local newspaper we gather one item among a list of donations to provide entertainments and comforts for wounded men in Leicestershire. The list starts with a sum of ten guineas from an alderman, cites numerous other amounts in guineas and pounds, and then reaches the item we pick:—"10s. from Mr. Ramsay McDonald, M.P., Pte. C. A. Boon, and Mr. and the Misses ——." It is good to know that Ramsay has dubbed up at last, but—well, the Private gets a shilling a day, Ramsay gets £400 a year; yet their donations are of the same amount. Our compliments go to the Private.

The Way Out.

When a Wiltshire Tribunal met to consider more exemption for a chauffeur employed by Sir Vincent Caillard, they were politely informed that they need not worry themselves, because the man "had been badged by Vickers', but was still employed as a chauffeur." That looks like a neat, not to say artful, dodge, and it brings us to a protest, from North-country lads in hospital after the trenches, against the Gretna "Refuge," whither men, whose exemptions have been refused or withdrawn, have gone, and got badged. Penrith Tribunal mentioned several cases, including a butcher, a joiner, and a painter, and expressed its resentment at being so defied. The boys also think it "not very pleasant reading," and we agree it is time the bar went up at Gretna.

The best Christmas Gift is a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 22.

Return of the Wanderer.

According to a citizen of Edinburgh, a Germhun hairdresser, removed from the area after popular agitation, has now returned for business, "and last week we had the spectacle of the said gentleman leaving one of our stations for a trip to London." Things are not invariably what they seem. He may have only come to London to cut the hair of the Home Secretary.

A Word for V.A.D. Workers.

Although these women are patriotically sacrificing their time and energies in war-work, without remuneration, it by no means follows that they are wealthy. In these circumstances, we do not think they can be fairly asked to subscribe to "presentations" to higher officials, or to procure decorations for the wards of the hospitals with which they are connected. We hear, however, of one case in which a considerable sum has been raised to ornament a ward of a house used as a war hospital, these voluntary workers being practically compelled to subscribe. This seems to us also to be a sad waste of money in such times.

Ammunition Boxes.

The Master of the Workhouse at Tynemouth has been buying wood, to be chopped up for firing. What he has bought is 20 tons of ammunition boxes, made of the best wood that could be got, an inch-and-a-quarter thick, with elm ends, dovetailed and nailed together. He paid about 6d. each for the boxes; their probable cost to make was about 7s. With very little work each box would be equal to new, yet there are 50 tons more of the boxes in the market on offer at 28s. 6d. per ton. We compliment the Workhouse Master on his nose for scenting a bargain, but we must kick indignantly against the incompetence of the War Office officials that renders it possible.

A Great Man.

Another of those great men who blush unseen, until induced to come forth and blow their own trumpets, has been unearthed in the person of Mr. J. W. Wheeler-Bennett, J.P., Chairman of the Tribunal to which he appealed for the exemption of his chauffeur—age 28. He, the great man, "gave particulars of his public life, very largely in the interest of the nation at the present time, and said he thought that he was entitled to the man's services. He further submitted that the man was unfit for military service." So he keeps his precious "shover" until January with leave to apply again—which he will do, we guess. But we hope the Tribunal will have nerve enough to ask for an opinion about that unfitness from an Army doctor, and to suggest how proud many elderly chauffeurs would be to work for that eminent and distinguished public benefactor.

White Gloves—and Why.

Almost too funny for words are two news items published on the same day in the same issue of a Southampton daily paper. One is headed, "Burglaries at Southampton," and it cites burglaries "in the Portswood district," followed by an "outbreak of daring burglaries in the Shirley neighbourhood," where three occurred in a single street, the thieves getting clear away with considerable booty. The comic part commences when we turn to another column, "Crimeless Southampton; More White Gloves at the Borough Bench." All the Magistrates were falling over each other in ecstasy because, for the second time in that week, there were no cases in the police court, and the Chairman was for the second time presented with the white gloves of a blameless charge sheet. He prated about the "diminution of crime in the town (hear, hear)," and said it "reflected great credit upon the Chief Constable." H'm, yes—p'raps! Only it does strike the simple reader that nobody was charged—because nobody was caught.

Our City Days.

In the current number of the *City John Bull* we give the reasons which induced us to leave the City and City life. Those who knew us in the days of West Australian and other "booms" will now understand, if they did not before, that whilst actually in the City we were never *of* it. But, all the same, as we have shown in the articles in the City Edition, we have nothing to be ashamed of in our activities "East of Temple Bar."

That "Shortage of Paper."

A few days ago the War Office had occasion to send out certain forms of contract. For the return of these contracts was enclosed a foolscap envelope, which suffices for the purpose; but in forwarding the form the War Office used a thick cartridge-paper envelope measuring 1 ft. 3 ins. by 10 ins.! Now, once more, for about the five-hundredth time—will the War Savings Committee be good enough to whisper to us why the public should lend their money to the Government in order that the Government should chuck it away?

Three Hundred Travelling Flares.

They tell us that some G.N.R. trains also travel with a flare like a searchlight, making railway servants as well as the public feel needlessly nervous. There are engines at Colwick fitted with a screen which answers well when the engine is running without steam, or standing still, but when it has to run during a raid at the reduced speed, as commanded, of 15 miles an hour, the firehole door is continually open and the reflection carries for miles. And we have the assertion that of 300 engines of the G.N.R., not one of them is fitted with even a tarpaulin sheet, so it is evident several little things remain to be done ere comfort and safety can be assured.

Huns' Sons in the C. S.

Now that the Regulations respecting Open Competitive Examinations for Civil Service Clerkships are published, it is more than regrettable to find that the sons of Germans and Austrians are still welcome to try their luck in competition against our boys—even as their fathers may be fighting against the fathers of those boys. The examinations are "open to all natural-born or naturalised British subjects." It is true there is a stipulation that a successful candidate shall not be appointed to the Admiralty, the War Office, or the Colonial Office "unless he is a British subject, and the son of a father also a British subject," but that qualification is immediately nullified by this additional clause—"except by special permission from the Head of the Department concerned." And that "special permission" is given so frequently that the "Departments concerned" are always harbouring Huns, and, seemingly, always will.

Loafers in Unif rm.

A physician of York, desirous of presenting a bath-chair to a military hospital, had his very useful gift nicely done-up, and then telephoned that it was quite ready, if somebody would come and fetch it. In due course a motor-van arrived and from it descended four members of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, all very smart in their "musical-comedy" uniforms. They took hold of the chair, the four of them, and tried to place it in their van, but found it would not quite fit—so they put it back again, and said they would send somebody else to fetch it. Out of the four of them there was not one man enough to push or pull that chair to the hospital; they were either too confoundedly lazy or considered such a job as beneath them and their nice clothes. The donor of the chair is pardonably indignant; he suffers from lameness, or he declares he would have taken the chair round by himself. Perhaps even that would not have shamed such loafers.

£1,000 for a "Bullet." See page 32.

"Buying Himself Out."

The Objects have evidently found a new dodge. The acting manager of a Rugby bank pleaded his conscience before the County Appeal Tribunal, and the Chairman appears to have been kindly disposed to him on the spot. "Is he not," asked that Chairman, "doing as good work there as he would be elsewhere?" The affair was settled thuswise:—"The Chairman: Are you prepared to hand over £1 per week to charity while you remain in your present employment? Appellant: Most certainly, but I should not like to think that I am buying myself out of the Army." We do not know what else his conscience will permit him to think, for he actually did obtain conditional exemption from military service by agreeing to pay £1 a week to the Rugby Hospital. Funny how these things happen, is it not?

A Lady on Ladies.

This is what a lady writer says of her own sex, in a London weekly journal:—"Women were sent into the world to milk men—not cows. Any kind of woman, provided she's got the right kind of hair and frock, can successfully relieve every sort of man of all his belongings without the bother of having to go down into the country and stand over an unresponsive cow to do it." And this is what is said by thirty wounded soldiers in hospital, who "sign against such muck":—"We men who have returned from the Somme front have more respect for the female sex, knowing if they had not supplied us with their labour in shells we should not have advanced as we did. We have wives and sisters, and it has hurt the Tommies' feelings." We now know what the lady thinks of her sex, and what the gentlemen think of it.

The Ramsgate Tribunal Case

In our issue of Oct. 21st we published, under the heading "A Heartless Sneer," a paragraph reflecting upon a greengrocer at Ramsgate. The greengrocer in question is Mr. John Dilnot, and we regret to say that we criticised Mr. Dilnot under a misapprehension as to the true facts. We have now made further inquiries, and we find that Mr. Dilnot and his two sons, the younger of whom joined his Majesty's forces as soon as he was old enough to do so, and the elder of whom was medically rejected under Lord Derby's Scheme and only lately passed for garrison duty abroad, have always acted in a proper patriotic manner. The use by Mr. Dilnot of the words to which our paragraph took exception are explained by the fact that his son did all the heavy work of the business, and that it would be impossible for a man discharged as unfit for military service to do such heavy work. We are sorry we attributed to the words used by Mr. Dilnot a meaning which we are now convinced he never intended them to bear.

"Wanted, A Wonder."

The following is one of a number of peculiar advertisements that have lately been appearing; it is taken from a Glasgow paper:—"Wanted (duration of war) experienced man, thorough knowledge of gas-engine, steam boiler, and jacketed pan; able to attend and repair, also to look after horses; must have good connection as salesman and experience as carter, also to lift 2 cwt. bags; willing to feed horses during week-end. 45s. to suitable man; must have good references and character; ineligible for Army." One's first thought is that the "suitable man," if found, would surely earn his money. And then one wonders what can be behind so many advertisements of this extraordinary type. Most of them, we wager, are inserted by employers who appeal for exemption of men, and are told by the Tribunals to find substitutes. They then insert some advertisement naming impossible things required for a miserable wage, hoping to tell the Tribunals they have advertised in vain. We do not say the above is an example, but the dodge is being tried on.

One of Eight.

To the Dolgelly Guardians application for outdoor relief was made by an ex-soldier, discharged from the Army in October, 1914. Apparently he is not entitled to a pension, for he has received not a farthing from Government. But, when his full tale was told, we do not wonder that the Guardians described the case as a scandal, and resolved to protest to the War Office. The man is one of eight brothers who joined the Army, and four of them have been killed. He and his family—two children, and a wife expecting confinement—have no means of support, and bare boards are their bed. Both man and wife declare they would die on the roadside rather than enter the workhouse, and indeed the workhouse is no place for them. Failing a pension, the National Fund was framed for just such a case, and must give prompt and sufficient relief.

A Very Special Appointment.

To be up to date is considered a virtue in business; to be behind the times is to fall far short of perfection. Therefore is it surprising to find a firm like Hammond and Co., Ltd., the Breeches Makers and Military Tailors, of 465, Oxford Street, London, advertising their Austrian connections and appointments. Yet there is the announcement confronting us in the issue for Nov. 11th of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, in which Hammond and Co. give a branch address as "Vienna: 1, Tegethoffstrasse, 1.," their telegraphic address as, "Breeches, Vienna—and Brussels"! and—worst blow of all—"By Special Appointment to H. I. and A. M. the Emperor of Austria"! Surely, Hammond and Co. have been very sound asleep for some long time, or they would scarcely in this wise recommend their wares to British soldiers and sportsmen.

A Young German's Outing.

Carl Hackemer, 27, clerk, of Lorrimore Street, Walworth, is an alien enemy exempted from internment; why, we know not. He travelled more than five miles from his residence, without a permit, explaining that he had been "at Chiswick Park, walking out with a young lady," whom he had "left at Kew Bridge." He had £5 in Treasury notes in his possession when searched, and he had to part with £3 by way of fine. Assuming his story to be true about that "young lady," and that he was in her company and not in any worse, we can only hope she was not a British girl. To imagine the opposite would be dreadful. But our main object is to inquire as to the City firm at present employing this young Hun. With so many gallant clerks fighting and falling, has any British firm sunk so low as to allow Carl Hackemer to sit at the honourable desk of one of them?

The Sugar Gang.

During the last few weeks we have been publishing instances where certain shops in Leeds had obtained large supplies of sugar by paying high prices to wholesalers, and were selling them to the public at—8d. a lb. Since then the Sugar Commission have got on the track of these shameless retailers and stopped the dirty game by stopping the supplies. One of these people was a Jew, trading as J. Alexander. It is not enough for the Sugar Commission to punish the retailer. There could not be an agent if there were not a principal. In this case there must have been a gang out for spoils. Have the Commission got the wholesalers and stopped *their* supplies? There are many of the smaller Leeds grocers who cannot supply the public with sugar because they cannot obtain it; let the Commission refuse sugar to those unconscionable profiteers who have sought their opportunity in other people's extremity, and increase the supplies of those who deal with the public in fair trade.

Read Mr. Bottomley's remarkable message in "Everywoman's."

12,000 Christmas Prizes.

In connection with our "Bullets" Competition we are making a special Christmas offer. In addition to a first prize of £1,000, a second prize of £250, and a third prize of £100, over 12,000 other prizes will be awarded. No reader should miss so remarkable an opportunity.

The No Peace League.

Badges are now being distributed to members of the No (Premature) Peace League—consisting, in the case of new members, of an enamelled portrait of Captain Fryatt, and of women members a similar souvenir of Nurse Cavell. A big meeting is in contemplation to inaugurate an active propaganda. All particulars of the Secretary of the League, 8, Bread Court Chambers, Bow Street, W.C.

Lord Kitchener.

The publication by us of that facsimile "Kitchener" letter of condolence, sent out by the War Office a few weeks ago, has revived a whole batch of stories and rumours concerning the fate of the late War Secretary. The most prevalent is, of course, that letter—which nobody has seen—which the mother of a *Hampshire* sailor is supposed to have received from her son, telling her that he is a prisoner in Germany and that she would be "surprised if she knew who else was there." Alas! that letter is a myth.

Duke of Wellington's.

Although we have written about those 15,000 men of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment who cannot get to the Front by hook or by crook, we must do justice, and pay reverence, to the men of that famous regiment who were in at the beginning. Men of the Duke's were at Mons, and we believe there is but a handful left of that noble, devoted band. But those few—those very few—some of them time-expired, some having been wounded, are still where the fighting is. Could not that bunch of men be brought back, and their places filled many times over by willing comrades straining on the leash at home?

Favouring the Younger.

People at Walton-on-Thames think that something like injustice has been done to a townsman, and we do not disagree. The Appeal Tribunal dismissed two applications for exemption; one was by a single man of 21, employed in the cinema business; the other by a newsagent and stationer, aged 40 years and 4 months, who has a wife and three children, has 14 years' lease of his shop, and has joined both the V.T.C. and the V.A.D. But the Tribunal has given leave to appeal to the young bachelor of 21, and has refused it to the married man over 40. All else apart, surely the younger man is likely to be more useful to the nation, and should be made to go first.

A Wonderful Picture.

There is about to be exhibited one of the most remarkable pictures which the war has produced. It is painted by Rowland Holyoake, and is called "The Beast of Revelation"—based upon the vision which appeared to John the Divine on the island of Patma. All London will be talking about it shortly.

A Sweated Profession.

"Head Master" writes from Dorset: "I have tried teachers on my staff, one with four years' experience, salary £10 per annum, another aged 24, with eight years' experience, salary £32 10s. My own salary is less than that of a respectable mechanic, and my pension will be less than that of the local policeman." Yet our politicians are always prating of the "value" of education, especially as an asset in "the war after the war."

Veno, *Vidi. Vici!*

We have just concluded another wonderful series of meetings up North and in the Midlands—throwing in half-a-dozen flying visits to cinema shows and "saying a few words." Everywhere it was *veni, vidi, vici*—or should we say "VENO"?—for on one occasion, having lost our voice, we tumbled across Mr. Veno, at Manchester, and were tempted to try his "lightning" cure—which we found thundering good.

About Biscuits.

By all appearances there is a combine even among the biscuit factories. If anybody assumes a heated demeanour and calls us out of our respected name on account of this assertion, how comes it that on the morning of November 18th grocers received from four of the largest biscuit firms—Peek, Frean and Co., McVitie, Ltd., Crawford and Sons, and Macfarlane, Ltd.—circulars dated the previous day announcing an identical increase in prices—to wit, 8s. per cwt.?

Sweating Discharged Tommies.

We perceive a tendency in not a few quarters by not a few employers to sweat the returned soldier with much the same enthusiasm as they are exploiting the public. A publicly-elected body like the Gravesend Corporation ought to set a better example, yet in the *Kent Messenger* they have an advertisement for a clerk at the local electricity works. They "invite applications from discharged Army or Navy men," applicants must be "competent book-keepers, with knowledge of typewriting and shorthand"—and the salary they have the conscience to offer is 25s. a week!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"EVENING ARGUS" (Hastings edition):—
"He KNOCKED for 10 or 15 minutes but could get no reply, but it later transpired that the BELL WAS OUT OF ORDER."

"LONDON MAGAZINE":—
"She had put on a tea-gown, a pale yellow, clinging thing she had once worn on the stage; open a little at the THROAT, SHOWING HER ARMS AND HANDS."

"KING'S COUNTY CHRONICLE":—
"Mary Grennan, summoned by Constable Gilmour, for RIGHTEOUS behaviour on the 21st October, was fined 6d. Sergt. Gibson summoned Bridget Gannon for RIGHTEOUS behaviour on the 1st September."

"NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—
"Working Man wants Bedroom; WITH ELDERLY WIDOW."

THE GLASGOW HEALTH CULTURE SOCIETY (ticket for Lecture):—
"—— —— will deliver the third Lecture of the Series, entitled: WHY THE WORLD SUFFERS IN THE HALL OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE."

"IDEAS":—
"On the right of the road, sitting on the low bank, IN THE MUD, is a line of men waiting to be dressed. . . Every few minutes an ambulance draws up empty, is filled, and moves off slowly down the DUSTY shell-pecked road that leads to Blighty."

CHARLES GARVICE (in "The Woman's Way"):—
"She did not know whether to REMAIN OR STAY."

"HARROW OBSERVER":—
"Dancing.—Miss —— —— wishes to announce that her half-term for the Saturday class . . commences on the 11th inst. PROSPECTIVE PARENTS are invited to call and see Miss —— at the hall on Saturday."

"WEEKLY WELCOME" (advertisement):—
"Grey hair is often a serious handicap to both men and women. . . . Few people know that a very simple formula, INCONVENIENT and often DOWNRIGHT CURIOUS, which is easily made up at home, will turn the hair back to a natural colour in a perfectly harmless manner."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

DEAR ADMIRAL,—In all the criticisms of the Admiralty there has never been a word said against our gallant Navy, of which you have been, through all these anxious and trying months, the trusted head. We know that the heart of the Navy is strong and sound. It is those who rule at Whitehall who are weak and impotent. You have the confidence of the nation, for we know that whatever position you may be called upon to occupy you will bring to your task great abilities, unmatched courage and a determination to fight the enemy wherever and whenever the chance is given. Attack, not defence, is the historical rôle of the British Navy. We can trust you.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies.

DEAR MR. LAW,—As you know, I have been an uncompromising advocate of the fuller employment of native troops at the Front, and it is a disappointment to find that the contingents recruited in South Africa are to be employed mainly in non-combatant services. I can only guess at the reason which has prompted this decision; but I am convinced that it is a mistaken one, and I venture to hope that the last word on the subject has not yet been heard. There is a growing fear that, to a great extent, we are wasting our vast Imperial resources—while the problem of Man Power grows daily more acute.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Fisher of Kilverstone.

DEAR LORD FISHER,—No one could have shown finer vigour than you did while you were at the Admiralty; and although your position is now one of greater freedom and less responsibility, I need not remind you that, as a member of the House of Lords, you have the means of making your views known to the British public. To say that there is discontent with the present Admiralty policy is to state what is obvious, and the disquiet over the increasing submarine menace and the immunity of German raiders in our own waters is patent to all. Give the country the benefit of your great experience. Speak out boldly as you know how. This is not the time for silence.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. Edwyn Hoskyns, D.D., Bishop of Southwell.

MY LORD BISHOP,—I am glad to notice that you are not quite so gloomy in your outlook as some of your episcopal colleagues, and that you do not expect us at the coming festive season to cover our heads with ashes or to bathe ourselves in tears. "I do not think," you say, "that we ought to be dismal at a festival of this kind, and our men at the Front won't thank us for breathing a spirit of depression." With this sound view I am in entire agreement, and I am glad that you have found courage to set your face against those counsels of "humiliation" which from time to time I have felt it my duty to condemn. JOHN BULL.

To R. L. Outhwaite, Esq., M.P,

SIR,—What a warm heart you have for the Germhuns! Already wishing 'em a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, eh? Want the War Office to arrange a Christmas armistice in order to assist them to bury the dead? Now listen, Herr Hanleystein. At Christmas the dead will be dead, especially if they are Germhuns; and the British soldiers, who are alive and fighting while you are alive and pacificating, don't want you to make any Christmas arrangements for them. They can manage their own affairs a great deal better than you can manage 'em, so don't worry. I daresay they will give the Germhuns a Christmas armistice if the Germhuns don't interrupt their festivities, but you can take it from me it won't be to please you or any £400-a-yearer of your persuasion. As a patriot you are as peaceable as a jellyfish and as inspiring as a banana skin. For goodness' sake stop your cackle. JOHN BULL.

To J. B. Williams, Esq., Amalgamated Musicians' Union.

DEAR SIR,—While I am always ready to champion the cause of the workers, I think you have rendered poor service to the Musicians' Union by interfering with the legitimate business of the New Middlesex Theatre merely because your Union has been concerned in a dispute with the management. Into the merits of that dispute I am not disposed to enter. But by playing upon the prejudices of the London County Council to secure the refusal of the music and dancing licence, in spite of the fact that it was recommended by the Theatres and Music Halls Committee, you have done a cruel and ill-advised thing. To help you in your spiteful action you pronounced as "indecent" photographs which the Rev. Stewart Headlam described as "beautiful." Could prejudice and ill feeling go further? JOHN BULL.

To Admiral Swinton Holland.

DEAR ADMIRAL,—That was a funny enough story of yours of the sailor who, asked where he had been baptised, replied, "On my arm"—but I am afraid I don't quite follow you when, in all seriousness, you claim this harmless anecdote as an illustration of "the amount of ignorance among sailors as to the first principles of Christianity." For one thing, I do not recognise the rite of baptism as a "first principle" of the Christian Faith, and, for another, I protest against any statement that is intended as a slur upon our gallant fighting men. Unless, of course, I have misunderstood you. Perhaps you will explain. JOHN BULL.

To S. Costello, Esq., Chairman of Tribunal, Cheshunt.

DEAR SIR,—There isn't a doubt that, despite the assurance of the Man Power Board, officialism is combing out the wrong men. That is still the scandal. As you said at a recent session, "If it is right to discharge the son af a workingman for military service, it is equally right to discharge a foreman's son, an official's nephew, or somebody with a relative in Parliament. If people in soft jobs were transferred to the Army to-morrow, the output of the factory would not be diminished by so much as a screw." Particularly you were speaking of Enfield, but what you said applies with not the less truth and force to other Government works and factories under their control. The combing-out process, as officially conducted, is neither wise, equal, nor fair.

JOHN BULL.

To G. M. Chamberlain, Esq., Mayor of Norwich.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—Your remarks at the Norwich Guildhall the other day, when you hinted that you might be sent to prison for breaches of the Lighting Order committed by the servants of the Company of which you are manager, were received with that kind of laughter in Court which is always accorded to an attempted joke from the Bench. But seeing how heavy have been the fines inflicted on offenders under the Lighting Regulations, I hope I may take it that you intended your words to be taken with at least a grain of seriousness. You fine soldiers for striking matches in the streets under the supposition, I suppose, that the "flare" would be seen by a Zeppelin; and all sorts of pains and penalties are inflicted in the public interest. If you are punished—as others have been—for the delinquencies of your servants, and go to prison, I hope you will see the joke. I promise you a laugh from me. JOHN BULL.

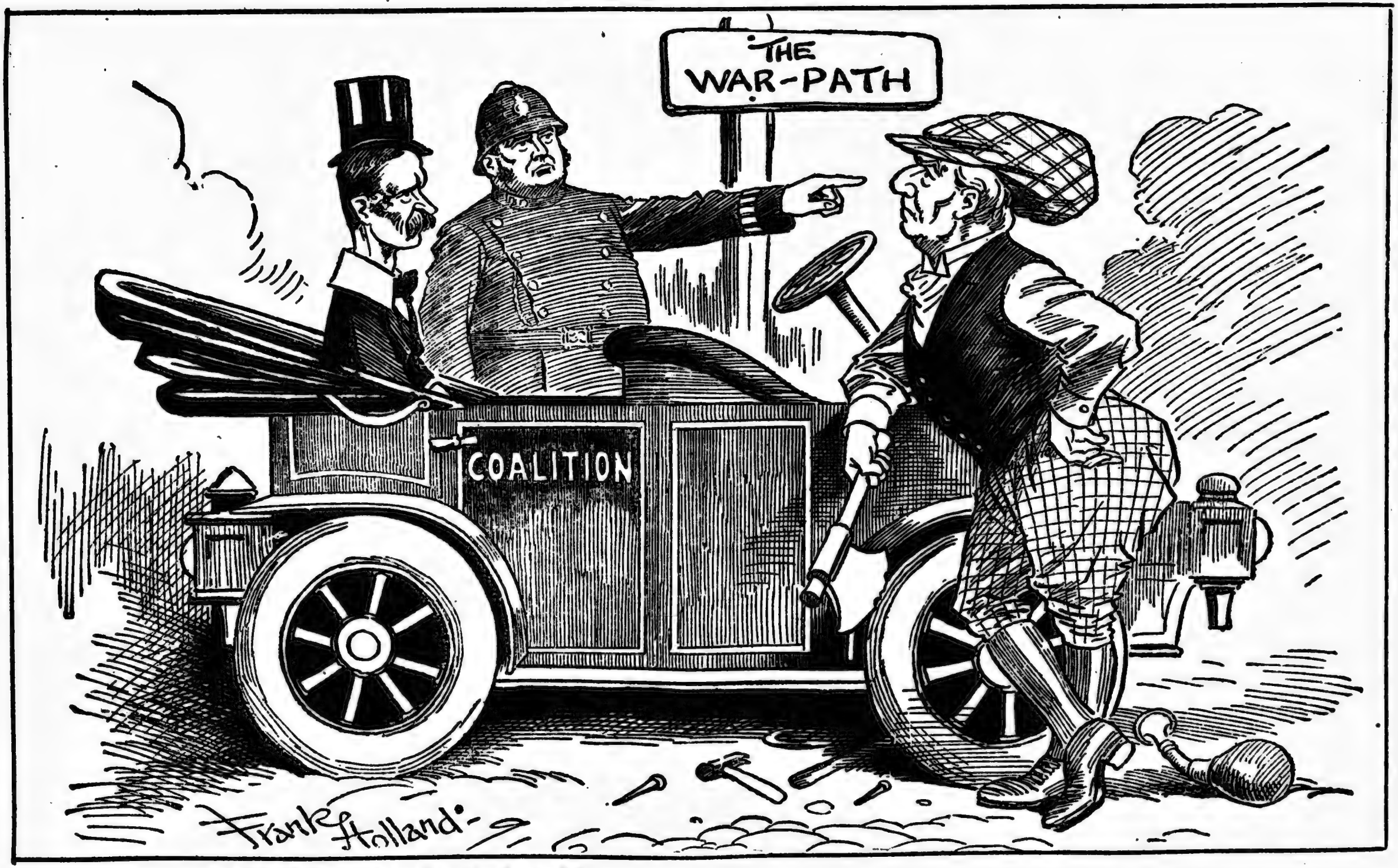
To Colonel Henry Page Croft, M.P.

DEAR COLONEL,—I am glad to see that you are still pegging away at the Government in regard to the question of reprisals for enemy submarine attacks upon British mercantile shipping. From a practical standpoint, your own "ton for ton" policy has much to commend it, and it is interesting to note that, according to the Prime Minister, this proposal has reached the stage of "consultation with our Allies." What is wanted, as you rightly insist, is a bold "declaration by the Allied Governments that for every ship destroyed an equivalent amount of German tonnage will be confiscated at the first opportunity." So keep on rubbing it in!

JOHN BULL.

MOTORING.

(With apologies to Harry Tate.)



ASQUITH: "What's he say, Bonar?"
BONAR LAW: "He says, Pa-pa, that we've been tinkering about here for a couple of years, Pa-pa, and unless we get a move on he'll charge us with obstructing the traffic, Pa-pa!"

WHO IS SELLING US?

DON'T IRRITATE LABOUR—KEEP THE BLACKS FOR THE TURKS.

BY A. G. HALES.

ROUMANIA is now practically in the hands of the enemy, yet only a fortnight ago Ministers informed the nation, through the House of Commons, that there was no danger for Roumania! Every one of JOHN BULL'S millions of readers knows, without being reminded of the fact, how I in these columns did my best as a War Correspondent of experience, to rouse the British nation to a sense of Roumania's deadly peril. The smashing of Roumania by the Germans meant, in plain British language, "Good-bye for a long time to come, perhaps for ever, to the Allies, hope of crippling Germany in the Near, Middle and Far East." Roumania was the keystone to the arch, and we have lost it by folly or by treason. The Germans knew the importance of Roumania, and they struck one sledge-hammer blow after another with lightning rapidity. Why did *we* not strike? Because our Government is too fond of "crushing the Germans" with its mouth. In a month or two Germany will be able to let the Middle East take care of itself; then they will concentrate on the British front—for unless the main Roumanian army now falling back on Wallachia can wheel and cut its way to Russian territory, it is going to be overcome by Hindenburg, Falkenhayn and Mackensen. And, then, how will all the other neutral nations look upon us? Can we as sensible folk expect that they will not side with the Power that *acts*, against a Power whose Government merely talks? Do your own thinking for an hour. The North Sea, once ours, is now for all practical purposes German water; neutral shipping is held up or sunk directly German commands are not obeyed. Some one is selling us. Who was it who betrayed to the Germans that the passage to the Channel was open? Who told them it was going to be open? They must have known, or they would not have been ready to dash through. How came destroyers to raid our coast last week? No one has been shot for either of those foul betrayals; no one *will* be shot by this Government if secrets which make an invasion of Britain possible are sold to the enemy.

Rally to the Flag.

First and foremost, I want you, the People, to make the homeland secure; you and you alone can do it. Let every man who can shoulder a rifle, join the Volunteers, and put in every hour of spare time drilling. Another five million men should enrol within the next three weeks. I am not in the confidence of Lord French, but I believe he would move mountains to train and arm a greater number than that. The Volunteers have been sneered at; they may yet prove our salvation. They will fight as gamely, die as grimly, as any men who have gone into the firing line. Don't let the cackle concerning age stop you; if you are sound and have not cold feet, get in and stand by your guns. Ministers, now on their sugar-and-syrup talking campaigns, may tell you all this is unnecessary. Look up their past prophecies and see if in one single instance of importance they *have ever been right*. Five millions more Volunteers will set free for the fighting line all the regular soldiers we now have in Britain. *Women* of Britain, join the Volunteers in your own neighbourhoods; join as nurses and learn your job—you may be needed. Banker and bricklayer, duchess and dairymaid, look the situation squarely in the face and rally to the Colours; don't permit yourselves to be doped any longer; you have slept too long. The best way to crush the German dream of invasion is to prove you are ready to meet it and beat it if it comes.

My correspondents in Africa tell me of black men drilling, black men eager to come and fight for the Empire. Would any other Government on God's earth despise such material as this, material that would whip the Turk off the face of the globe? The climate of France may be too cold for them, but they could be sent to Egypt and Mesopotamia, and so free a million and half of our soldier lads for service against the Huns. I have dealt with this matter so often that I am weary. Why don't you kick this Government to Hades if they will not utilise your black and brown comrades? The reason the Government will not utilise the African blacks is that they fear to offend that nest of traitors under Hertzog, who are playing and praying for a German victory—though the fools would be amongst the first to feel the Prussian heel on their necks if it came to pass. But our Government plays up to the malcontents and traitors as weaklings and time-servers always do. Instead of using the blacks as warriors, they are bringing over a big bunch as labourers—and yet they know that nothing else they could do would so outrage the feelings of the British workmen, and that if it is proceeded with it will go far towards precipitating an industrial revolution.

Splendid Workers.

The British workmen and workwomen have proved themselves splendid beyond all praise. They volunteered in millions—they did not wait to be conscripted—and but for our egregious recruiting muddle, the British workman would be volunteering in millions to-day. I don't know who is behind this black labour scheme, but whoever is responsible is doing his level best to disrupt the country and play into the hands of Germany. Every black and brown man who is willing to come and fight for his liberties, as the British Tommies are fighting, we should welcome as a man and a brother—just as in those parts of the Empire which are their own they should be looked upon and treated as men and fellow-workmen. They do not want to come here and raise racial difficulties and ill-feeling. Our workmen and workwomen do not want them. The stupid blunderers who have created the present situation are the members of the Government—who have cursed every phase of this war. Are they the folly-smitten group some people say they are, or are they what tens of thousands of our citizens are beginning to whisper about them? In either case, they should be swept away by the force of public opinion. Ministers are going to stump around with Samson's favourite weapon; will they give the workers a proper guarantee that no black labour shall intrude on their domain, and will they call for millions of volunteers for home defence? I want to know a good deal about these things, for I have noticed that with this Government it is anyone else before our own. I would point out now, when the mischief has not yet been done, in cold dispassionate British language, that a great labour upheaval akin to a rebellion in these isles would be the surest thing to rob us of our remaining chances of crushing the Germans. No man who is not an enemy to Great Britain desires that to occur; no man who is not a congenital idiot or a traitor will attempt to follow a line of policy that is almost certain to bring about such an upheaval. Never did we need unity of purpose, of action, of spirit, as now. What abortion of statesmanship is this which, at the most critical hour of our national life, would sow our land with dissensions and strife? In the name of the People, I bid the Government pause; the ice is very thin!

A VERY HUMAN DOCUMENT.

NOBLE FATHER AND NOBLE SON.—A SHORT BUT GLORIOUS CAREER.

Here is a specimen of the kind of letter which reaches us by almost every post:—

As one of the many thousands that are passing through the "fires of affliction" brought about by the "Great War," I feel I owe you a great debt of gratitude for your comforting words, conveyed from time to time through the columns of JOHN BULL. Please allow this to be my excuse for thrusting this into your overcrowded post-bag. I am but a very humble reader of your great writings, with but poor powers of expressing what they have brought to me; so let me just plainly say that, though poor as this world goes, you have taught me how rich I have been in possessing a dear boy who was so true a patriot that he could go forth eagerly to do and die for the great cause. He is now one of your "Ghosts of Gallipoli." God bless you for thus immortalising those dear lads. Let me give you a short sketch of his short young soldier's career. The outbreak of war found him just fairly launched on a journalistic career, the outcome of much study and work on his part, and the expenditure of every ounce of thought, and penny of means, that I in my humble capacity could afford. During August, 1914, he offered himself to a Territorial battalion asking for volunteers for foreign service, and was rejected on account of defective teeth. Time, inconvenience and expense were then given to remedy the defect; then, in March, 1915, he enlisted in the ranks of his county regiment, and was placed in the Reserve Battalion. His subsequent career was as follows:—

March 17th, 1915.—Enlisted at —— Barracks (near home).
„ 30th „ —Drafted to —— „ (80 miles from home).
April 15th „ —First introduction to a rifle, but of a pattern only suitable for arms-drill.
„ 17th „ —Inoculation.
„ 24th „ —Not yet used the rifle issued on the 15th.
May 22nd-24th. —Home on leave (the *only* leave granted him).
„ 30th „ —Started on Musketry Course.
June 2nd „ —Appointed Lance-Corporal.
„ 7th „ —Started Firing Course.
„ 15th „ —Started real route marches, with packs and full equipment, and also bayonet instruction.
„ 22nd „ —Transferred to another regiment, one of a draft for the Dardanelles.
July 4th „ —Sailed for Dardanelles.
„ 19th „ —Arrived at Lemnos.
„ 29th „ —Arrived at Gallipoli Peninsula.
Aug. 6th 1915 —Wounded in bayonet charge.
„ 9th „ —Succumbed to his wounds.

Such was the short career of one of those lads I know you love so well. I need not dilate upon the foregoing summary to point out to you how inadequate was the training for such a mighty business. How cruel to tear such dear boys away without a parting word from loving parents; but I believe you have in some of your writings hoped for a strict inquiry, at some future time, into the whole ghastly blunder. I am proud of my dear boy as being one of the thousands who went forth quietly to do their duty and have died heroic deaths, "unsung" perhaps, but not "unhonoured or unwept." I have heard from a kindly stretcher-bearer who picked him up that he received a wound through the leg and was perfectly conscious and cheerful when picked up, in view of which there is a haunting feeling that his precious young life might have been saved if proper skill and attention had been available. I have also heard from one of the very few of that battalion that lived to tell the tale, that they were simply cast into the jaws of death on those slopes of Achi Baba. And it makes me cry out in anguish, "Would to God I could have died for thee!" I could have made as good gun-fodder, and his young life was worth far more than mine can now be.

So, dear sir, if you take a hand in forcing an inquiry into that diabolical "War Gamble," let me ask you just to take this simple incident (only one of thousands I know) to help you to get justice done to the memory of our dear dead heroes. I have, as father of a young soldier, been touched with your untiring effort to remedy the boys' grievances. Still push them on, sir, especially in the matter of leave (you will see we only had our boy home for two nights in all his Army career), and also in the matter of sending half-trained boys to the firing-line while so many fully-trained ones remain at home.

I trust, for the sake of the memory of the boy, who would have disliked publicity, you will forgive me for remaining anonymous. I know it is an offence in an editor's eyes, but if by chance you do want to refer to me, I will look for the undersigned initials— H. A. H.

Comment upon such a letter is superfluous. But our readers may well ponder over it.

A MILITARY SERVICE SCANDAL.

THE AMAZING RECORD OF A "CONSCIENTIOUS" OBJECTOR.

A young man named Scullard, residing at Sutton, Surrey, failed to satisfy the local Tribunal of the sincerity of his conscientious objections to military service. He was accordingly called to the Colours, and subsequently sent out to the Front. In France he was guilty of the supreme military offence of "wilful disobedience to orders." For this grave delinquency he was court-martialled and sentenced to death, and would undoubtedly have been shot, but apparently the War Office intervened, and the sentence was commuted to one of 10 years' penal servitude. Scullard's amazing good fortune was not yet exhausted. Soon afterwards his sentence of penal servitude was quashed, wiped clean off the slate, and this man, who in the clearest circumstances had been convicted of the gravest offence known to military law, was found a nice "cushy" job for the duration of the war as timekeeper in some quarries at Aberdeen. When last we heard of him, Scullard had enjoyed eight days' leave of absence from the quarries, having travelled from Aberdeen to Sutton and back with a free railway warrant, granted by the authorities as an additional token of esteem and respect. This is the kind of thing that is sickening honest patriots, straining the loyalty of our heroes in the trenches and on the seas, while at the same time it encourages every other shirker, and puts a heavy premium upon hypocrisy and cowardly pretence. In this present war, men as good as Scullard, guilty of lesser offences, have forfeited their lives. Better men than he have suffered the rigours of field-punishment for lapses which are comparatively trivial.

A WORD TO THE GLASGOW POLICE.

WHERE DUTY IS OVERDONE—AND WHERE IT IS NOT DONE.

In Glasgow, if nowhere else, the police seem to be grossly exceeding decent limits when they exercise their powers under the Military Service Act of challenging soldiers and others. A Highlander, with over 19 years' service, was taken to a Glasgow Court the other day and charged as an absentee. He had been twice wounded and was home on sick leave, of which there was a day unexpired. He wanted to know, naturally enough, "Who was in command of his regiment—the C.O. or the police?" And the Superintendent actually replied, "I can answer it for the police. They will apprehend any man at large without a pass." Said the Magistrate, "Do the police go about the streets challenging soldiers?" And the Superintendent replied, "That's what they are there for." The Highlander said he was going back to his regiment, and was allowed to go. Another instance is of a soldier, arrested, and looking dazed. Said the policeman, "If you give us any more bother, I'll put you through it." We recommend the Chief of the Glasgow Police Force to restrain the insults and ferocities of some of his men, young fellows of military age, who should be sternly admonished against abusing and man-handling soldiers who are entitled to different treatment. These over-zealous young men would be better employed in tackling gangs, like the Redskins, who—as we have already said—infest the densely-populated parts of Glasgow, disgracing the City with displays of violence and hooliganism which speak badly for police vigilance, and which terrorise the peaceful citizens who are entitled to—and pay for—protection.

MY FRIEND GRAEME SCOTT.

IMPRISONED FOR AN UNNAMED CRIME—IS HE A TRAITOR?

By CHARLES PALMER.

Graeme Scott is my friend. If he be a traitor and is tried and found guilty, then *let him be shot.* And may I be privileged to make one of the firing party. But an Englishman's liberty is a precious possession. In time of war an Englishman must either be a loyal subject of the King or a traitor. In my view there can be no fine-drawn distinction. Which is Graeme Scott? This man, whose name a few days ago was on every lip and in every newspaper, is, as I knew him, an English gentleman. Frank, impulsive, hot-headed, indiscreet, restless under any form of restraint, loyal, patriotic.

He made one great and fatal mistake before the war; *he believed in Germany.* Like statesmen who to-day hold their heads high despite their ante-bellum blunders and proclivities, he thought he saw in a British understanding with Germany the way to preserving the peace of Europe and of the world. In that sense, Scott was a Pro-German *before the war.* I have said that Scott was hot-headed and indiscreet. How indiscreet can be imagined when I say that he actually came to me with a proposition to purchase the *Globe* (of which I was then editor) in the interests of Germany, and, if he could get it, with German money. Mad, foolish—granted; but quite sincere. There was no attempt at secrecy. Scott knew me for a downright Britisher. Yet he so believed in his gospel of a British-German entente that he had this wild scheme for obtaining what no one would ever accuse in those days of being anything but a virile British newspaper.

To laugh at, to scout the idea, as I did then—to condemn it now in the light of all we know, and to see in it something sinister and un-English—is easy. But recall how many other misguided men, including those who knew the secrets of official documents, were foolish enough to believe in the protestations of Germany and blind enough to be duped into disbelieving the evidence of their own eyes.

Therefore I say that my friend, Graeme Scott, if he thought he was one of the "wise men" who are now to be counted among "the fools," was a fool in notorious company. But a man's views before the war are one thing and his actions since quite another. In the very proper effort of the Press to secure the recapture of my friend, a good deal of rather sorry prejudice has been introduced. It is true he went to the Hague—that hotbed of espionage, a very whispering gallery of slander and innuendo—soon after the outbreak of war. He went as a journalist, and he very soon got himself into trouble. His greatest indiscretion was using his old friendships in Germany to secure an entry to the German Legation there, and the privilege, as he regarded it, of seeing the war reports from headquarters. He was delighted; he actually thought it a "scoop." He wrote me a glowing account of his success, and was frankly amazed that I refused to publish a line of this official German news.

That he got himself into hot water at the Hague was obvious, and in the circumstances inevitable. He was warned that if he came to England he might be arrested. Yet he came home, and I saw him many times before the silence of the Concentration Camp came between us. What is his crime? Why is he a dangerous person; and, if he be dangerous, is the Concentration Camp the proper place for a traitor? He is the son of a gallant soldier, a Lieut.-Colonel of Engineers; he has a brave younger brother who fought in the worst days of the war, and is now a flying man; he has himself served and fought in the British Army. Yet he is cast into prison without any definite charge against him. I am all for vigour in the conduct of the war. I have criticised the authorities for their supineness in dealing with the alien enemy danger. We cannot afford to run any risks. But the right of a British subject to trial has disappeared and the risks of grave injustice are terrible. Says his old father, "There is some hideous mistake." Let us know the offence of my friend; satisfy the public mind that the charges against him are well founded; bring him to trial. Then, if he be a traitor, let him be shot. But be certain! And, above all, don't let panic deflect the scales of justice.

"MR. BOTTOMLEY AND THE EXCUSE-MONGERS."

As we go to press everyone is talking about that letter in the *Daily Mail*, reprinted in the *Evening News*, with the special Contents Bill which we here reproduce. The letter is signed "Anxious Patriot," and is as follows:—

SIR,—Some of the worst of the politicians are, it seems, about to tour the country with the apparent object of bluffing the public.

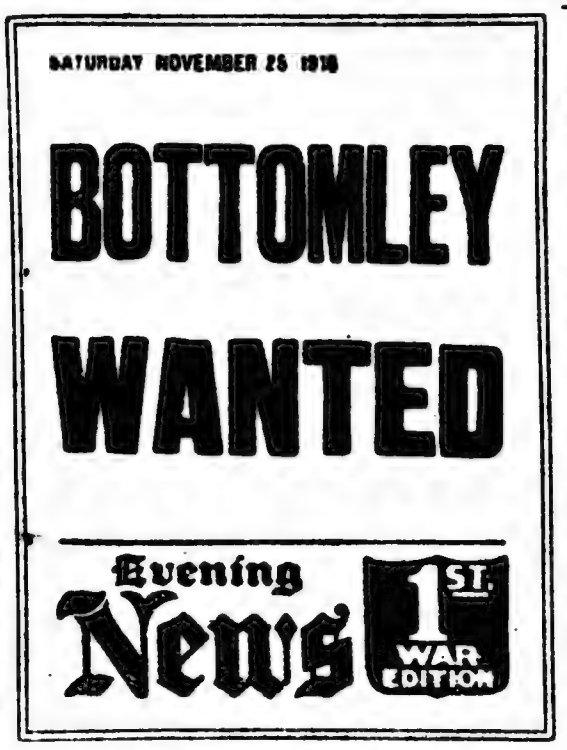
Thus, we see that Lord Robert Cecil, responsible for supplying cotton to Germany and feeding the Huns through the blockade, is about to visit the seaport of Bristol; Mr. Tennant, late Under-Secretary for War, is about to spout at Edinburgh, which has suffered in losses in France, Gallipoli, and Mesopotamia almost more than any other city of equal size.

Unless these men are tackled by those who, like Mr. Horatio Bottomley, are accustomed to their political tricks, the public will be humbugged again as they have been before.

Can you not urge Mr. Bottomley to attend each of these meetings and confront the politicians face to face? He appears to be the only independent public speaker in England at the present moment.

Reports of these confrontations, published in a widely circulated journal like *The Daily Mail*, might have invaluable results in speeding up the lagging war machine.

The public would, I am sure, gladly subscribe to a Bottomley Fund to defray the expenses of this fearless advocate of vigorous conduct of the war. ANXIOUS PATRIOT.



We are, of course, highly flattered by the suggestion, which shall have our best consideration. It will be seen that in our leading article we deal with this proposed oratorical tour of Ministers, and in our next issue we shall return to the subject—unless, indeed, by that time the scheme has been abandoned! So far as we are personally concerned, we need scarcely say that we are at the service of the country in any way in which we can help it through these critical days. There can be no question that in the time immediately ahead of us we shall require all our nerve and courage and resource. So far we have done our best to keep the people in hand, and we shall continue to do so unless (as we sincerely trust may never be the case) the Government renders our task impossible. It were, however, idle to shut our eyes to the fact that there is an unpleasant spirit abroad in the land. On every hand there is the call to sacrifice. There is hardly a home in the land which has not made its tribute in sorrow and tears. Yet there is the feeling that while the individual is called upon to suffer that the Empire may triumph, the Government is incapable of strong action, if not almost indifferent to the dangers ahead. It is the duty and privilege of every man of British blood to place himself unreservedly at the service of his King and his country. Strenuous days may confront us. God grant that we may rise, as a nation and an Empire, equal to every trial!

The most wonderful serial photo-play ever presented to British picture-goers.

All other serials you have ever seen will pale into insignificance when compared with "LIBERTY," the magnificent and intensely dramatic spectacle which will be released on January 1st next. Never before in the history of film production has there been presented a drama so crowded with thrills, amazing plots and counter-plots, and breathless situations. Yet running like a golden thread through this stirring serial there is the most beautiful love story you have ever followed. You certainly must not fail to see

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This should be posted before Dec. 8th, if possible.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 28.

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10 inch DOUBLE-SIDED
12-inch & Celebrity Records 2/6

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Give all these this Christmas—*on Zonophones!*

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December

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THOSE who *have* heard them—and have secured a few—are *never* at a loss to know what to do with themselves. With them, life *never* seems 'weary, and dreary, and slow'—as Mr. Manhattan would say. How *could* it when they have at command in their own homes

SUCH FAMOUS 'STARS' AS THESE

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Machine made to standard gauges, the Pericles fits exactly.

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If all the earth were lolly pods
And all the sea were ink
And postage stamps were gratis
Would you write me do you think?
THINKING OF THOSE I LIKE— ALWAYS BRINGS HAPPY SMILES EVEN THOUGH BETWEEN US ARE STRETCHING MILES AND MILES

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Read our Advertisement Guarantee on page 28.

MOTHERHOOD WITHOUT PAIN.

A POSSIBLE SOLUTION OF THE BIRTH RATE PROBLEM.

As many of our readers will be aware, there has recently been a good deal of discussion in regard to the possibility of painless childbirth, it being claimed on distinguished medical authority that, by means of applications of morphine and scopolamine, mixed, the normal pangs of birth may be materially lessened, if not entirely destroyed As to the likely effects of such treatment upon mother and child medical opinions differ widely, but it is obvious that if these methods can be brought to perfection and practised without danger an immense boon will have been conferred upon the future mothers of the race. Some early experiments have, we believe, been strikingly successful; but, unfortunately, there is evidence that the new discovery is beyond the reach of all but wealthy women. Not long ago we saw a letter from the Matron of a Nursing Home at Ealing, in which the fees for confinement by the "Twilight Sleep" method, as it is called, were fixed at 17 guineas a week for a period of three weeks. When every allowance is made for the novelty of the treatment, and for the necessity of close observation, such charges seem exorbitant; and should the new methods prove as reliable as the early experiments suggest, it is to be hoped that means may be found to bring them within the range of mothers of modest means. On the whole, the matter seems to be one in which State enterprise might play a useful part, especially in view of the paramount need for a heightened birth-rate to balance the grim account of war. At any rate, even in these busy times, a Select Committee of medical experts might be appointed to investigate and report, and further to suggest means by which the new methods, if approved, may be made available for all sections of the community.

"STOLEN" CRUMBS.

SEQUEL TO CASE OF COOK AND HEADMASTER'S WIFE.

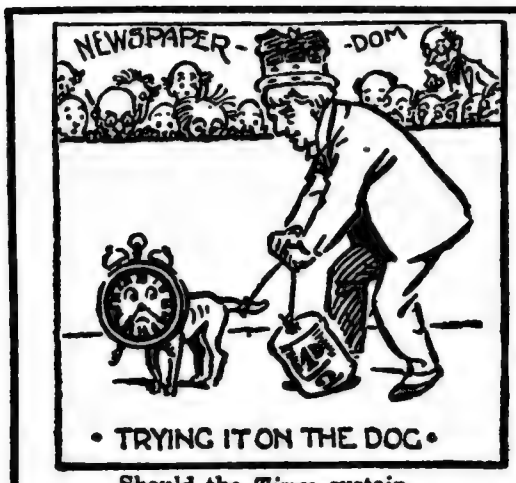
It will be remembered that not long ago we criticised the action of Mrs. Lowry, the wife of Mr. C. Lowry M.A., Headmaster of Tonbridge School, in calling in the police to arrest a cook who was alleged to have "stolen" some scraps of food from her kitchen. The defendant, Mrs. Jones, was "bound over" by the Tonbridge Magistrates, but Mrs. Lowry's appetite for litigation is apparently insatiable, and at the Tonbridge County Court, before his Honour Judge Parry, she lately contested a claim for wages brought by Mrs. Jones, who, following upon the trumpery police-court proceedings, had been dismissed from her employment at the School. Fortunately, Judge Parry has a habit of getting to the bottom of the cases that come before him, and while giving judgment for Mrs. Lowry in regard to the wages claim, as he was technically bound to do, his Honour observed:

> I think it is a great pity the police were called in, for the amount was trifling, and she evidently thought she had a certain right to give it away. It is a habit servants get into, common in most large establishments. . . . As to her pleading guilty, many people when in a Magistrates' court say, "I did it, but I didn't mean any harm." The receiver did not plead guilty, and the Magistrates dismissed the case against her. I am sure that if this woman had done that the Magistrates would have dealt with her case in the same way. This woman has been branded as a thief, yet her case has never been investigated until to-day. I agree that what she did was wrong, but I am not satisfied on the evidence that she was guilty of theft.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Lowry did not "ask for costs," thus making reparation for his wife bringing disgrace upon a respectable woman, and, further, promised to "make inquiries and if he found that she was in need," undertook to give her the money—indeed, we understand that she has since received it.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."



Should the *Times* sustain
The extra ha'penny strain,
It's contemporaries all
Soon into line will fall.

The callous Kaiser's tool
(Poor old decrepit fool!)
Dies, while his evil guide
Still flourishes in pride.

When dukes stand in the dock
To Court spectators flock;
A little deal in rugs
Is small for such "big bugs."

Bobbies we'll see ere long
In every restaurant,
Watching lest diners eat
More than they think meet.

If talk would end the war
Peace would be here once more:
But *action* still remains
The final proof of brains.

Can Balfour long disguise
The doubts, that in him rise,
That he's still fitted for
The conduct of a war?

AN AWFUL RES

SITTING ON A VOLCANO—A W

By THE E

JUDGING by my postbag, there can be no doubt that my recent plain talk to the Government has been appreciated, and I am more than ever satisfied that Mr. Asquith and his colleagues are sitting on the volcano of a nation's discontent. The eruption may come at any moment, and if it does its lava will bury not only all our present political institutions, but, I fear, the Constitution itself. I am no alarmist—and, certainly, no pessimist. I believe to-day, as strongly as ever I did, in the power and majesty of the British Empire. But something tells me—ah! yes, I know that is a hackneyed phrase, favoured by the ignorant but instinct is often a surer guide than reason—something tells me that we are on the eve of a great and mighty upheaval; that all our old cherished doctrines and habits and rulers will then be swept away—and that new methods and new men will have to take their place. And I feel it to be a sacred and a solemn duty to prepare the people for the change. It is because in days gone by no one ever had either the prescience or the courage to herald the coming storm that we have had bloody revolutions. It shall not be my fault if the nation is caught unawares this time. I say deliberately that there is a spirit of unrest in the land. The cloud on the horizon is bigger than a man's hand. Its shape may be clearly outlined, and it is the Demon of Disruption. Ever and ever it draws nearer, with its forefinger pointing to the dear food, the suffering, the sorrow, and the sacrifices of the people. And its grinning mouth is saying: "You have tried Civilisation and Constitutional Government; see what it has done for you. *Try me.*" No danger, you say—the workers are all doing so well! But we are not *all* munition makers and does it occur to you that even *they* are flourishing on the manufacture of instruments of death and destruction? Not a very good preparation for the paths of peace, think you? And then there is the silent middle-class—think sometimes of them—to whom the war has spelt ruin and despair. And the bereaved and sorrowing parents and relatives all over the land. Yes, the Demon of Disruption will find ripe material at hand if he arrives.

Signs and Portents.

Can we arrest his approach? That is the one great problem before us. Is our old system of government played out? Have our politicians shot their bolt? Is it too late to save the situation? One great victory in the war would do it. But winter is upon us—and Roumania is retreating! Our Navy is still standing at attention, whilst the German Fleet laughs at it in the safe security of that Heligoland asylum of which we made the Kaiser a present. And the Allies, as a whole, are still short of guns and shot and shell! We *could* to-day arm our merchant ships with three-inch guns, and that is why the Government says it is "considering the matter." So that, altogether, whilst the end is never in doubt, I see no immediate relief of the present tension on either land or sea. And in the meantime the submarines will continue to gather in their harvest, until, unless we at once face the facts, our oversea food supplies will be gravely menaced. Why blink the truth? We are in for a bad winter, and the sooner we realise it the better for all of us; and the sooner the Government realises it, the better for *them*. On them to-day rests an awful responsibility. God forbid that I should make their task more difficult. But my thoughts are with the People first, and with them afterwards. Sometimes I think I hear the distant rumbling of many feet—the cries of frenzied crowds—and the clattering of mounted troops. But it is still a long way off, and I want to help to keep it all back. It is not too late if only the Government will *act* and not *talk*. I said last week that the snail was beginning to move, and I don't feel that at present I can improve upon the phrase. Let me indicate one or two directions in which the pace could be accelerated.

The Food Supply.

Here is the crux of the whole thing. How often have I said that the first duty of a Government is to feed its people? How often have I hinted that dear food is the shortest road to revolution? But only at this late time of day have the Government begun to move. *They ought to have taken steps in the early months of this year to secure all the wheat necessary for the United Kingdom well into next year.* For months the price of the best Manitoba wheat was down to 46s. per quarter—cost, insurance and freight in London and Liverpool, and all other wheat was down in proportion. But they did no move till October, and even then they did nothing to arrange with the Dominion Parliament of Canada to control the Winnipeg market. I am told by competent experts that had they done so, prices could have been forced down at least 15s. a quarter. *And how is it that the price of Manitoba wheat* (No. 1) *Shipment to London is now* 77s. 7½*d. per quarter, whilst the same shipment to Liverpool is* 73s. 9*d.?* Somebody is on the ramp! And what about the home-grown supply? Are we to remain at the mercy of the seas for next year's food? The time for sowing winter corn will soon be past. Let us *insist* upon a Government guarantee to the farmer of a price that will enable him to grow wheat, with an obligation on him then to do so. *Why isn't it done?* Shall I tell you? Because we are governed by a set of philosophical, theoretical bookworms, and they have been taught by old fools like Cobden and others that it is false "Political Economy" to subsidise the growing of your own food when you can buy it cheaper from abroad. But I suppose Cobden would have added—"always provided you can get it." There were no submarines in his time. *Damn* Political Economy!

Burn the "Text Books."

It is time to burn all those musty text books, as they are called. The best text is, "Look after the People's bellies—and the rest will look after itself." I remember the late General Booth once saying, "Before we start converting them, we feed them. God doesn't want us to send him hungry angels." Nations, like armies, "march on their stomachs." Free Trade, Tariff Reform, Protection! What a jargon of words! No

ESPONSIBILITY.

WARNING TO THE CABINET.

EDITOR.

two men are agreed as to the meaning to be attached to them. And yet the politicians will go on repeating them as though they expressed a heaven-sent revelation and will treat as fools whoever ventures to describe them as empty shibboleths. All three "schools" of economic thought, as they love to call themselves, prate of this so-called science of Political Economy. There is not and never has been such a science. "Science" means a collection of truths ascertained and demonstrated by experiment, and subject to immutable laws. There is nothing of that kind in the management of human affairs. Their clap-trap platitudes, even, are all wrong. They tell you that the three requisites for the production of wealth are Land, Labour and Capital, but they leave out all reference to Brains. They tell you that Supply is regulated by Demand, but they don't tell you that an enterprising business man can often create the demand by furnishing the supply. And so on and so on. What commercial house would pay a Professor of Political Economy a pound a week to conduct its foreign trade? And there is no limit to which the fads and theories of these cranks do not lead them. For instance, does any sane man now wish to get rid of our oversea Dominions? Do we wish to reward the splendid valour and self-sacrifice of our kith and kin by casting them off from the Mother Country? Well, listen to the words of the great "Free Trade" Apostle—Cobden. "*The colonial system with all its dazzling appeals to the passions of the people can never be got rid of except by the indirect process of Free Trade, which will gradually and imperceptibly loosen the bonds which unite the Colonies to us by a mistaken notion of self-interest.*" We have unlearnt the teaching of this precious drivel, at any rate. Then turn to the so-called "Tariff Reform" muddleheads. In the course of the recent debate on enemy properties in Nigeria, Mr. Mackinder, M.P., said that one of the objects of Tariff Reformers was to "induce foreign capital to come into this country," so he voted against restricting the sale to natural-born British subjects! And after that came the argument of the Under-Secretary for the Colonies (Mr. Steel Maitland), who thought that the effect of limiting the sale of the properties to British subjects would only be that "rings" would be formed. It never apparently occurred to him that "rings" and "trusts" and "combines" ought to be made illegal by Statute, as they always were under the old English Common Law. Oh, for a Business Government!

The Admiralty.

And just a word about the Admiralty. What *is* Mr. Balfour doing at its head? I suppose his chief qualification for the post is that he was Prime Minister, and did nothing, during all the time Germany was laying the foundation of her sea power; Prime Minister when the German Parliament passed the first great Navy Bill which declared that "Germany must have a fleet of such strength that even for the greatest naval power in the world war with her would involve such risk as to jeopardise its own supremacy." But, although Prime Minister, he never knew anything about these things; for, speaking *since the war began*, he said: "I know *now* that it was in 1900 that Germany commenced to build a fleet against the British Empire." Think of that—he knows it *now!* But then he never does know anything at the time. He told the House of Commons after he had been First Lord of the Admiralty for several weeks, that he had only just discovered that his Department was responsible for the Air Service! And you remember the mess he made of the Jutland battle report; and he repeated the dose over the Channel raid, correcting each official report after the harm was done. And then came a further correction, exonerating the Captain of the *Queen* from a cruel aspersion upon his skill. It is all too terrible; but I suppose the dear gentleman is so busy with his philosophy and his piano playing and his tennis that he really hasn't time for these minor affairs! And yet when the great "Day" comes, the whole Navy will be under his authority and control—just as the Army for several years was under the control of a "spiritual" Chancery lawyer, who was also a philosopher, of sorts. We are a wonderful race, aren't we? And *yet* we shall win the war—despite the politicians.

The People's War Council.

And so I come back to my proposal—let us have a People's War Council, to confer with the Government and the various Public Departments, *and to hold the nation in hand.* It will want a lot of doing. I *know* what I am saying. I travel, every week, all over the country, and I hear what folks are saying. Ministers are living in a Fool's Paradise. I see they are about to stump the country. Well, I suppose they will "pack" their meetings with ticket-holders, selected by the respective Party Agents of the Coalition. And just consider the kind of men they have selected as their champions: Lord Robert Cecil—who swallowed his "Free Trade" principles in order to get back to the House—and who, as Minister of Blockade, is the laughing stock of Germany; the perky Tennant, who was "promoted" from the War to the Scotch Office; McKinnon Wood, who was "promoted" from the Scotch Office to the Financial Secretaryship to the Treasury—three of the biggest duds on the Government benches. Such are the men who are to appease the national restlessness and discontent; such are the men who are to comfort the weary and distressed! I make them this challenge: Let the meetings be free and open and then they will learn the truth. But even with their bogus audiences they will find that a great change has occurred in the public mind. They will not this time be addressing fanatical Party hacks, but widowed women, bereaved parents, broken-hearted sweethearts. Perhaps, after all, they would be wise to stay away. I have already pointed out the road to their salvation—and ours. The People's War Council is the only solution.

God Save the King!

He may not like to ask

but he may think you have forgotten him unless you send him a regular supply of Cigarettes. Be sure you send "**De Reszkes**"—*he's worthy of the very best.* Post them yourself—then they *must* reach him safely.

Sold Everywhere

The Happy Baby

There would be many happy homes if every mother would but give Savory & Moore's Food a trial. Give it to your baby, and note the improvement that will follow. This will prove its value better than columns of argument. And remember you are not experimenting with an untried food, but you are taking a course which experience has proved is certain to produce good results.

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For the convenience of those who have not yet tried their Food, Messrs. Savory & Moore are making a special offer of **FREE TRIAL TIN**, which will be sent on receipt of the Coupon below with 2d. in stamps for postage. This tin is not a mere sample, but contains sufficient food for a thorough trial. Send at once.

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To Savory & Moore Ltd. Chemists to The King, New Bond St. London. Please send me the Free Trial Tin of your Food. I enclose 2d. for postage.

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Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery.

Fatigue or Failure, *even though you do not know a note of music now.* I teach more in a few lessons by correspondence than years of the ordinary mechanical, mindless practice can ever do. **I have done so for twelve years with invariable success.** Modern, scientific, intelligent methods applied to **ordinary music.** Send a Postcard for Free Copy of my interesting illustrated book.

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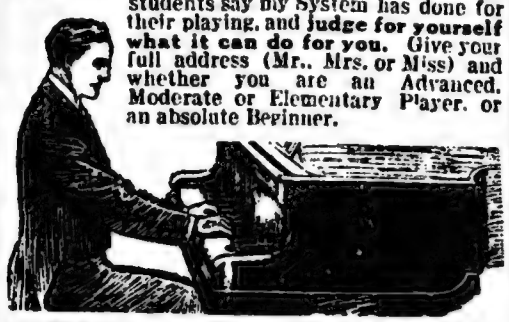


H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House Holborn Via., London.

THE CENSOR AND THE SUBMARINE.

GERMANY'S DESPERATE EFFORTS TO STARVE US OUT.

By R. P. Houston, M.P.

(This article, written eight months ago by the Member for West Toxteth Division of Liverpool, who has just made his handsome offer of £100,000 for the destruction of enemy submarines by our merchant ships, is remarkable for the accuracy of its prophecy concerning the submarine menace, and the German plans to starve us out. Its publication was forbidden by the Admiralty Censor—whose action has proved to be a tragic blunder in hiding from the nation the true facts of the case, yet in the House of Commons it has just been stated that neither the Attorney-General nor the President of the Board of Trade sees anything to which to take exception. We are unable to find space for the whole article, but we give enough to show its character and its value.)

You ask my opinion of the submarine danger. It is a very grave one. It not only affects the welfare of the people in this country, but the successful prosecution of the war. But while the submarine menace is serious, there is no occasion for panic, but rather a call for vigorous action in dealing with it. Germany would now appear to have produced a greatly improved type of ocean-going submarine, capable of carrying large supplies and of operating over a wide area for prolonged periods, and we need to concentrate our efforts in dealing with these piratical pests by turning out as quickly as possible all necessary submarine craft, such as destroyers, patrol vessels, sweepers, and other classes of vessels which I prefer not to name. The submarine is a difficult vessel to deal with. Submarine is useless against submarine, for a submarine searching for another submarine would be like two blind and dumb men searching for each other on a Scottish grouse moor.

Enemy's Undersea Blockade.

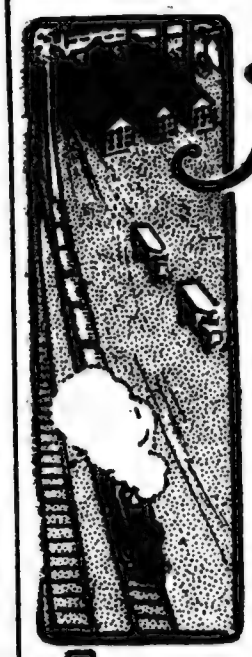
That Germany is making desperate efforts to blockade these Isles is shown by the number of days merchant ships are held up by the authorities from leaving our ports. Enemy submarines were recently particularly active round our coast, but the efforts of our naval men have succeeded in clearing them out for the time being by sinking some and driving others away. But the German improved type of submarine is quite capable of operating on our trade routes outside of home waters, and I think it high time that our Government let the people of this country know the truth about this menace to our welfare and safety. Germany has not, so far, shown much inclination to meet our battle fleet with her fleet, and there she shows her discretion. She has practically confined her attacks to submarines, and, as I understand, is turning them out in large numbers, having standardised the various parts so that they can be rapidly constructed. That no effort on her part will be wanting to blockade us is proved not only by her ruthless destruction of our own and Allied merchant ships, but also of neutral vessels approaching our coasts or supposed to be carrying supplies for us and our Allies.

Efforts for Inconclusive Peace.

I pointed out some time ago that this was not mere frightfulness or wanton destruction, but a carefully-thought-out plan for striking a fatal blow at the heart of our Empire and the Allied cause, by starving the inhabitants of these islands; cutting off the supplies to our own and the Allied troops, and so trying to bring about an inconclusive peace. That effort on her part must at all costs be frustrated, for an inconclusive peace would be almost as disastrous to us as a defeat. Germany has shown that she will take any risks with neutrals to injure us, even to the extent of war with the United States, so long as she can destroy our merchant shipping or neutral shipping which is helping us. The submarine has unquestionably affected our insular position to an extent that no other form of offensive could have achieved. Few people in this country realise it, and every effort has been made to hide it, but the time has come for plain speaking; the country should be told of the danger, and some information should be given of our success in dealing with it. The clamour for building more merchant tonnage is, under the circumstances, reasonable, but did the people know the true facts they would join with me in demanding that the first consideration was the destruction of these submarines. For it would be useless to turn out new merchant ships simply to be destroyed. There is no doubt one of the chief factors in the creation of scarcity of merchant tonnage was the disastrous Dardanelles adventure with its accompanying ghastly Gallipoli gamble and the Mesopotamia blunder.

Government Must Wake Up!

When one thinks of the mismanagement and mishandling of vessels under Government control it makes one indignant. The price of food and all necessaries has been driven up by these wasteful methods, and now that we have enemy submarines actively employed in sinking not only our tonnage but neutral tonnage, with every indication of increased activity in destruction, it behoves the Government to wake up and deal with this submarine menace in the most effective manner, and exercise the greatest economy in the use of merchant-ships compatible with the actual military and naval requirements. If it had not been for our Navy in bottling up the German Navy we would indeed have been in a bad way. And in praising the men of our Navy I should like to say that the men of our Mercantile Marine are worthy of the highest tradition of the men who made England Mistress of the Seas.



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BRITISH MADE IN RUGBY, ENGLAND.

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What is your Ailment?

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Favourite prescriptions of the leading medical men, who cure when others fail, are in the famous **Shadforth Prescription Service** If your ailment is not named below send 1/3 for the 256 page Book of Prescriptions.

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Depression, Shaky Nerves, Loss of Vigour. (Formula 470.)
Phosphorus, 1-100*th grain*
Nux Vomica Extract, *1th grain*
Damiana Extract, 2 *grains*
Lecithin, 1 *grain*.
In one tablet. Price 1/7 (36 tabs.) and 5/8 (144 tabs.).

Pallor, Languor, Hurried Breathing, Faintings. (Formula 365—Improved.) (Anæmia, Chlorosis & Amenorrhœa.)
Specially useful for Anæmic brain-workers, either male or female.
Blaud Pills, 4 *grains*
Calc. Sulph., 1-36*th grain*
Aloin, 1-20*th grain*
Manganese Citrate, ¼ *grain*
Nux Vomica Extract, *1th grain*
Lecithin, ¼ *grain*.
Divide into 3¼ grain ovals.
Price 1/1½ (36) and 3/3 (144).

Sallow Complexion, Blackheads, Pimples, Dull Eyes. (A Complexion Tonic.) (Formula 442—Improved.)
Charcoal, ¼ *grain*
Dried Sulph. Iron, ¼ *grain*
Calcium Sulphide, ¼ *grain*
Nux Vomica Ext., 1-16*th grain*
Gentian Extract, 1 *grain*.
In one tablet. Dose: 1 or 2 tabs. 3 or 4 times a day. 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144)
Improves health as well as beauty in either men or women. Besides removing sallowness and giving a clear complexion, it is useful in the cure of acne or blackheads, certain forms of eczema and eruptions and pimples on the face and body.

Sickness, Pains in the Stomach, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness. (Form. 2,000.)
Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home or in the soldier's knapsack.
Barbadoes Aloes, 1 *grain*
Capsicine 1-16*th grain*
Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap, *a trace*.
In one pill, with directions.
1/1½ (144), or 2/9 (432).

Stomach Pains, Heartburn, Wind and Constipation. (Indigestion.) (Form. 882.)
Contains nature's digestive juices.
Pepsin, *1th grain*
Malt Extract, ¼ *grain*
Diastase, 1-10*th grain*
Charcoal, 1-3*rd grain*
Cascara Extract, 1-3*rd grain*.
In one tablet. Dose: 2 with meals.
Price 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144).

Sour Taste, Sore Stomach, Indigestion, Wind. (Acidity & Gastric Catarrh.) (Formula 1,077.)
Bismuth Carbonate, 9.75%
Soda Bi-Carbonate, 40%
Magnesia Carbonate, 50%
Carminatives, 25%.
In 6 grain tablets.
Neutralises acidity and removes the feeling of fulness in acid indigestion.
Price 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144).
If the indigestion is very painful, use formula 15 instead. 1/11 (72 tablets), 3/3 (144 tablets).

Loss of Weight, Thinness, Scragginess, Rickets, Nervousness. (Formula 552.)
(A Nerve and Flesh Builder.)
Zinc Phosphide, 1-20*th grain*
Lecithin, 1-5*th grain*
Calcium Hypoph., 1 1-5*th grain*
Soda Hypoph., 3-10*th grain*
Potas. Hypoph., 3-10*th grain*
Casein, 1½ *grains*
Sugar, 1½ *grains*.
In one tablet. Dose: 1 to 3 tablets. Children may take half tablet.
1/1½ (36 tabs.) and 2/8 (144 tabs).

Rashy Pustular Eruptions, Hard or Soft Sores, Swollen Glands. (Form. 666.)
(Deeper-seated Blood Impurities.)
Potas., Soda, Iron, Quinine
Mercury Iodides, *sufficient*
Mercuric Chloride, 1-64*th grain*
Nux Vomica, ¼ *grain*
Stillingia, ½ *grain*
Jacoranda, ¼ *grain*
Sarsaparilla, *a trace*.
In tablets.
Price 1/1½ (36), 2/8 (144).

Stuffiness in the Nose, Loss of Smell, Dry Throat. (Formula 839.)
(Naso-pharyngeal Catarrh.)
Sodium Biborate, 10 *parts*
Sodium Bi-carbonate, 10 *parts*
Phenol, 1 *part*.
In tablets.
Useful in hay-fever; removes that stuffy feeling. Price 1/1½ (144).

Hard or Soft Corns, Painful Corns.
You cannot march to victory on corns. Get rid of them with this. (Form. 803.)
Salicylic Acid, 20%
Extract Indian Hemp, 10%
Prepared Rubber Plaster, 70%.
With directions. Price 1/1½.

Weakness, Nerve Starvation, Bloodlessness, Thinness, Rickets. (Formula 585.)
Quin. Hypop., 1-30*th grain*
Calc. Hypop., 1½ *grain*
Sod. Hypop., 2-3*th grain*
Haemoglobin, 1½ *grains*
Oil of Aniseed, 1-15*th drop*.
Children may have half a tablet. A food medicine for early treatment. Will prevent anæmia and a run-down condition, and give the pink tinge of health.
1/1½ (72). 1/11 (144).

Excessive Stoutness, Flabby Limbs, Big Stomach. (Formula 814.)
(A Successful Treatment.)
Extract of Scaweed, 4 *grains*
Potassium Iodide, ¼ *grain*
Thyroid Gland, ¼ *grain*.
In one pill. With directions.
Price 1/1½ (36) and 2/8 (144).
In addition, take a saltspoonful of Marienbad salt (formula 816) before breakfast, and massage with oxgall soap (formula 986) in a hot water bath thrice weekly. (These cost 1/1½ each.)

Pains in Limbs and Joints, Backache, Stiffness, Swollen Toes and Fingers. (Rheumatic Arthritis.) (Formula 74.)
Colchicum Ext., ¼ *grain*
Blue Pill, 1 *grain*
Extract Hyoscyamus, 1 *grain*
Comp. Rhubarb Pill, 1 *grain*
Methyle e Blue, 1-3*th grain*.
Useful in Gout, Sciatica, etc.
Price 1/1½ (50) and 1/11 (100).

Drug, Alcohol, and Tobacco Victims. (Formula 1,078.)
Quassia Extract, 1 *grain*
Peppermint Oil, *1th drop*
Sugar Base, *sufficient*.
With directions. You cannot enjoy either tobacco alcohol, or drugs with one of these health-giving tablets in your mouth. Stops the craving.
Price 1/1½ (72 tabs.), 1/11 (144 tabs.).

Huskiness, Sore Nose, Throat, and Chest, Tightness of the Chest, Cough. (Nasal, Bronchial and Intestinal Catarrh.) (Formula 331.)
Camphor, Opium, Benzoic Acid, of each *1th grain*
Liquorice Extract, 2 *grains*
Aniseed Oil, 1-10*th drop*
Pine Wood-Tar, ¼ *grain*
Creosote, ½ *drop*.
In one pill. With directions.
Makes a good lung tonic for the weak-chested, especially for those recovering from colds, pneumonia, etc., who cannot get rid of their cough, or for those exposed to the weather. Not for children.
Price 1/1½ (50) and 1/11 (100).

Psoriasis, Scaly Eczema, Scurf, Alopecia (Bald Patches). (Formula 850.)
Perchloride of Mercury, 8¼ *grains*
Creosote, 18¾ *drops*
Zinc Ointment, 2 *ounces*.
To be applied night and morning.
Price 1/3 and 3/-.

Kidney Irritation, Gravel, Scalding Stricture. (Cystitis, Nephritis, etc.) (Form. 282.)
Cubebs, ½ *grain*
Venice Turpentine, ½ *grain*
Copaiba Balsam, ½ *grain*
Colchicum Extract, ¼ *grain*
Gravel Nut Root, 1 *grain*
Podophyllin Root, 1 *grain*
Formaline, ¼ *grain*.
In one pill. With directions.
Liberates formalin, possesses germicidal and cooling properties. Used in Prostatitis. Price 1/1½ (50) and 1/11 (100).

I DISPENSE THESE PRESCRIPTIONS POST FREE in the United Kingdom. Postage abroad extra.

WILLIAM SHADFORTH, Pharmaceutical Chemist
(*Highest Diploma, Pharmaceutical Society of Gt. Britain*)
(DEPT. J.B. 4), 63, GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 28.

On duty everywhere

Buy a packet of Black Cat cigarettes — to-day—give them a fair trial —criticize their fine flavour— notice they are bigger; then you'll be glad you read this advertisement

Of course, regular Black Cat smokers are on duty everywhere, on Land. Sea and Air— they found out how good Black Cats are long ago. Each packet of Black Cat means utmost value for money

Every packet of BLACK CAT cigarettes contains a facsimile cartoon by LOUIS RAEMAEKERS. *All have been passed by the censor*, and no other pictures or writings have ever caused such a world-wide stir as these wonderful drawings. The BLACK CAT offers you the complete set of 140 original cartoons in colour

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The largest and best 4d. packet on the market. Note the bright green band

10 for 4d.
EXTRA LARGE.

10 for 3d.
MEDIUM.

No 3d. cigarettes smoke sweeter than Black Cat Medium. On sale everywhere

BRONCHITIS INFLUENZA

Coughs and Colds. Whole Family Cured by Veno's.

Mrs. Slade.

Mrs. Slade, 80 Lancefield Street, Queen's Park, Paddington, London, says:—"Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has been a real blessing in my family. I first used it for my little boy when he had whooping cough. I had tried other things and found them useless; but when I gave him Veno's it was surprising how soon he got well. I used Veno's after that for all my family. My last little baby was cured of bronchitis by it, and I have taken it myself for influenza. I found it splendid for this trouble as well as for other coughs and colds. My husband has had Veno's too. He came home from the Front wounded and with a very bad cold. But of course he had Veno's, and that soon cured his cough."

A SIXPENNY BOOK FREE. Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. ADDRESS: **Box 603, The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester.**

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure instantly relieves and speedily cures

INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, COUGHS & COLDS,

11½d. a bottle.

ASTHMA, BLOOD-SPITTING, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

Larger Sizes, 1s. 3d. and 3s. The 3s. size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

They deserve the best— send them

Bovril

In spite of the increase in the cost of beef (the raw material of Bovril), the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the War.

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 28.

DOUBLE INJUSTICE TO A WIDOW.

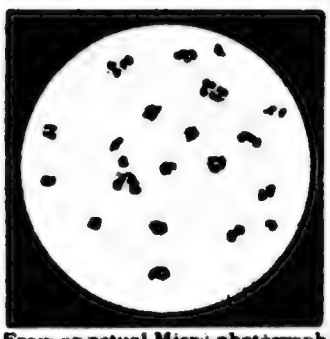
PENSION OVERDUE. BUT FUNERAL EXPENSES DEMANDED.

A very bad case of official incompetence and injustice comes from Coatbridge. There is, in fact, a double indictment. A man who suffered at Neuve Chapelle—it is said he had a hundred wounds—came to this country only to die. There was a blunder about his pay before he died, because he was told he was in debt in India. He had never been in India at all, and the Army owed him arrears. These have not been paid, and his widow's pension is still held up, because the War Office is waiting for information from India. They will take nobody's word, and disbelieve the plain truth. On top of that disgraceful position comes something even more mean and shameful. When the man died at Coatbridge he was given a military funeral, and four pipers and six soldiers were sent from Hamilton. The cost of the fares, 10s., had to be paid by that poor widow, still awaiting her pension, and she was told she must also pay for the men's dinners. Thank heaven, those ten men at length bring a little brightness to a sordid story, for they refused to allow the woman to pay for their food. They acted like ten gentlemen, and that is more than can be said for the official persons responsible for the discreditable proceedings we have outlined. We should like to ask whether, when a German prisoner is given a military funeral, with brass band or pipers, or both, does the German's widow pay the expense of it? We trow not; that outrageous charge is imposed only upon such poor women as shall be British. Such stories of callous treatment meted out to the nearest relatives of our heroes who died for their country make us wonder when a little humanity and decent feeling, to say nothing of generosity, will be imported into the methods of our bureaucrats. It is saddening to have dinned into one so often that the supreme sacrifice leaves those whose duty it is to act on behalf of the nation cold and unresponsive, whilst on the other hand all kinds of posthumous honours are showered upon men who, while alive, took active part in the brutal murder of civilians. Justice—like Charity—begins at home.

THE RING FAKE.

"COOL CUSTOMERS" AT CLAPHAM.

We continue to receive complaints from people who have been tricked by the specious advertisements of such concerns as the Empire Ring Company, Clement's Avenue, Clapham, S.W. The method of the man who runs this ramp is pretty much on the lines of the other advertising tricksters so constantly under exposure in our columns. It has, however, a difference which operates as an easy catch even for people who regard themselves as quite equal to the old familiar snares. The Empire Ring Co. head their advertisements "Solid Gold Rings Secured on first payment of only 1s. 6d." It goes for nothing with some people that the specific conditions following vitiate entirely the announcement above. On sending 1s. 6d. and 6d. postage the purchaser receives, not a gold ring as anticipated, but "as a customer's free gift, one of our noted 9-carat real gold shell rings," a card crediting the sum paid, and showing a balance according to the price of the "solid gold ring," and a number of circulars, one containing the grateful and comforting assurance that no inquiries are made concerning the trustworthiness of customers. It is this last assurance which is reminiscent of the old familiar fake—for what is the inference customers are likely to draw? Naturally, that the gold ring will be sent off at once and that you are going to be trusted to the full value of the purchase. The boot is, in fact, on the other leg. You have to trust the Empire Ring Co., and meanwhile they have some of your money in advance. Even when you have paid in full you don't know what is likely to happen. For one thing, the Empire Ring Co. may then be no longer in existence; they may have made themselves a little over clever, for instance, and the climate of Clapham may have become too hot for them. At any rate, if you feel you have been imposed on and demand the return of your money, they show such a reluctance to part that people who yearn for jewellery in war time will do well to give the Empire Ring Co. a wide berth. They are on the very shady side of things.



From an actual Micro-photograph of the Micrococcus Catarrhalis—magnified 900 diameters—taken at the Runcorn Laboratories

YOU meet myriads of these organisms every day.

The Catarrh microbe is the most common form of microbe which enters the system through the mouth—causing the ordinary cold, and eventually chronic catarrh of the nose or throat.

Bacteriologists assert that the activities of this form of microbe can be prevented best by the frequent use of

EVANS' Pastilles

The effective precautionary measure against the Microbes of Influenza, catarrh, diphtheria, pneumonia, etc.

Trench Odours: These famous pastilles are splendid for preventing the unpleasant effects resulting from trench odours, and our soldiers should be kept well supplied

WARNING. See the raised bar. Genuine Evans' Pastilles can be recognised by the raised bar on each Pastille—which is registered.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores 1/9

POST FREE. Order a box at once for yourself or your soldier or sailor friend. If you have any difficulty in obtaining, write to the Proprietors, enclosing P.O. for 1/3—the Pastilles will be sent direct by return

EVANS, SONS, LESCHER & EBB, Ltd., 56, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL

London. *New York.*

"You want a Tonic!"

WHEN people say "You want a Tonic" you may be sure it is high time you took their advice. You may not feel really ill—only a bit run-down, out-of-sorts, and a little slack—but this is just when you need Iron 'Jelloids' to enrich and strengthen your blood, and thus tune up your system generally.

A fortnight's Iron 'Jelloids' treatment (costing 1s. 3d.) will convince you that they well deserve their popularity as a reliable Tonic and Restorative.

For Anæmia in Women give Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2. They are highly approved of by the Medical Profession.

The Rev. A. J. Waldron, formerly Vicar of Brixton, writes:—"I have heard about your Iron 'Jelloids' from a doctor, and have recently had occasion to take them. I am strongly of opinion that if the public realised the fact that they have at hand, at such a small cost, such a pleasant and efficient remedy for Anæmia, and such a splendid tonic for Nerve-strain, &c., many a home would be happier and many a life brighter."

Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron 'Jelloids' to-day.

Reliable Tonic for Men.....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A
For Anæmia in Women.....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
For Growing Children.....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1.

Of all Chemists, a Fortnight's Treatment, 1s. 3d. Large size, 3s.

Iron Jelloids No. 2A

(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds)

FATHER XMAS--POSTMAN

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The boys at the Front need Pens. They *must* have the best, and that is Waterman's Ideal. (Ask about the Pens with Regimental Badges.)

Give the genuine Regular Type 10/6 and upwards. Lever Pocket Self-Filling and Safety Types 15/- and upwards.

Of Stationers and Jewellers. Booklet Free from:

L. G. SLOAN, Ltd.
The Pen Corner
Kingsway, London.

HOW TO CURE - - RHEUMATISM - - - WITHOUT DRUGS. -

During a sojourn of nearly two years in the Land of the Rising Sun I found that, in spite of the very damp climate, serious uric acid disorders were almost unknown there, and considered inexcusable when they did occur. The manner in which any rheumatic or other aches and pains were promptly cured proved especially interesting to me, for, after I had been a martyr to the agonies of gout, sciatica and lumbago for years they managed to cure my trouble so it has "stayed cured" ever since. The treatment is a form of hydropathy, and the native bath is a curious wooden structure like a barrel, with a charcoal fireplace fitted in the bottom to bring the water to the temperature necessary for the daily hot bath, or "parboiling" beloved of all Japanese. From the coolie up to the highest points in the social scale all are alike in sharing this extraordinary passion and national characteristic, although few travel to the famous spas, such as Yumoto, Ikao, Hakom, Kusatsu, etc. They have medicated and oxygen-releasing powders to put in the waters instead. These powders are of various kinds, saline or alkaline, but usually a compound of the two. In England you can get exactly the same ingredients in the common *Reudel bath saltrates* compound sold at slight cost by all chemists. Get a half-pound or so, dissolve a good handful in a very hot bath, and then remain immersed in this solution for 15 or 20 minutes twice a week. You will soon be able to bid good-bye for ever to even the worst case of rheumatic torture. Many friends to whom I have recommended it since my return to England have cured extremely serious and chronic cases of stiff, sore, swollen and inflamed joints or muscles, bad foot troubles, uric acid skin affections, etc., etc., which had absolutely defied every other form of treatment.—F. M. T.

For liver disorders use Kalsel.—ADVT.

FROM MRS. MALAPROP-BROWN.

MALAPROP-BROWN'S COMMISSION.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I incorrupted my story last week to catch the post, but will now continue my account of Mr. Malaprop-Brown's strange proceedings upon hearing he had been granted a commission in one of the non-competent corpses, and was to report for duty the following Monday at hindquarters.

"I must see about my kit at once!" he shouted, dancing about the room like a debentured man.

"Your *Kit?*" I ses. "And who's your *Kit*, may I ask? And what has *she* got to do with it, whoever she is? One of your flash barmaids, I daresay," I ses. "*Kit*, indeed!"

"Kit means clothes, madam—accouchments—Sam Browne, etc., etc. In short, outfit," yelled Mr. Brown.

"I daresay Kit *does* mean clothes, Mr. Brown," I ses sternly. "Such hussies generally *do*—while awful wives can go about with scarcely a rag to their backs."

"Awful wives is right," says he.

"Be a man and speak up," I ses, "and be good enough to explain what you mean by accouchment and Sam Browne. Is that the name you have been passing under while carrying on with your precious Kit? My superstitions have been roused for some time, and not without reason, it seems."

"What a woman!" groaned Mr. Brown, clenching his fists and looking up at the sealion. "Don't you, or *won't* you understand that Kit means an officer's equipment, or outfit?"

"You'll have a fit at home if you don't control yourself," I ses, "So you deny that you are entangled with a woman called Kit?"

"Yes, yes!" screamed Mr. Brown. "Don't you understand that I must get my uniform and things together at once? There is no time to waste. I'm off West at once to draw the £50 allowance and—"

"What?" I demanded. "Fifty pounds? Then I come with you. I know you of old. I haven't forgotten what happened when you gashed that 15s. postal order for me. What time was it when the policeman brought you home?"

"Are you for ever going to throw that 15s. in my face?" he asked.

"I never," I replied. "How could I, when you had only fivepence left?"

"Well, if you *will* come I suppose you must," he said savagely.

That was enough for me. I was ready in no time, and taking him firmly by the arm started off West to collect the £50, about which I shall write you further in my necks.

Yours fatefully,
MATILDA MALAPROP-BROWN.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MRS. SWANWICK.

Good mornin', ma'am. Excuse me but to tell you the honest truth, ma'am, I'm not keen on attending to the short-haired type of women who patronise gentlemen's hairdressers. Most of them seem to be mixed up in some premature peace move, and I 'aven't got no use for 'em. Now, 'oo may *you* be, madam, if it ain't rood? . . . Oh, *Mrs. Swanwick.* Exactly. I thort somethink like thet. Well, madam, I decline 'to servo you in any way. . . . *On what grounds?* On very good grounds. I've bin readin' about you in the papers lately. You're a member of the Womon's International League, I believe? . . . Oh, you're *proud* of it, are you? Then you're a 'opeless case, ma'am, and you'll find the door right be'ind you . . . *Insultin'?* No, I never sed you was German. P'raps that's yore guilty conscience, ma'am . . . There's plenty for Englishwomen to do 'ere, 'elpin' the wounded wot 'ave saved them from the filthy clutches of the 'Uns—makin' munitions, workin' on the land, an' sich like—without tryin' to arouse sympathy fur our enemy's wimmin-folk, wot are as bad as their fathers, brothers, an' 'usban's . . . Oh, yore father was a Dane, was 'e? Well, wot's Denmark done in the great wore? Sat on the fence an' pocketed the oof, so fur as I kin see . . . But yore mother was British, was she? Well, the more silly 'er fur marryin' a foreigner. W'ere was you born, madam? . . . *Munich?* Thet's done it! W'ere the stinkin' German lager comes from . . . I don't care if you left there an' came to England w'en you was four. You breathed German air fur four years, an' you carn't touch pitch without bein' defiled . . . You married a Britisher, did jer? I'm sorry for 'im. Wasn't there no thoroughbred English girl good enough for 'im? I don't care wot you say, ma'am. You've shown a certain sympathy for our enemies, an' thet's more then enough to make you suspect. Git what you want somew'eres else, ma'am, I decline to serve you. Goo' day!

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Sir Douglas Haig

General Headquarters,
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Sept. 1 1916.

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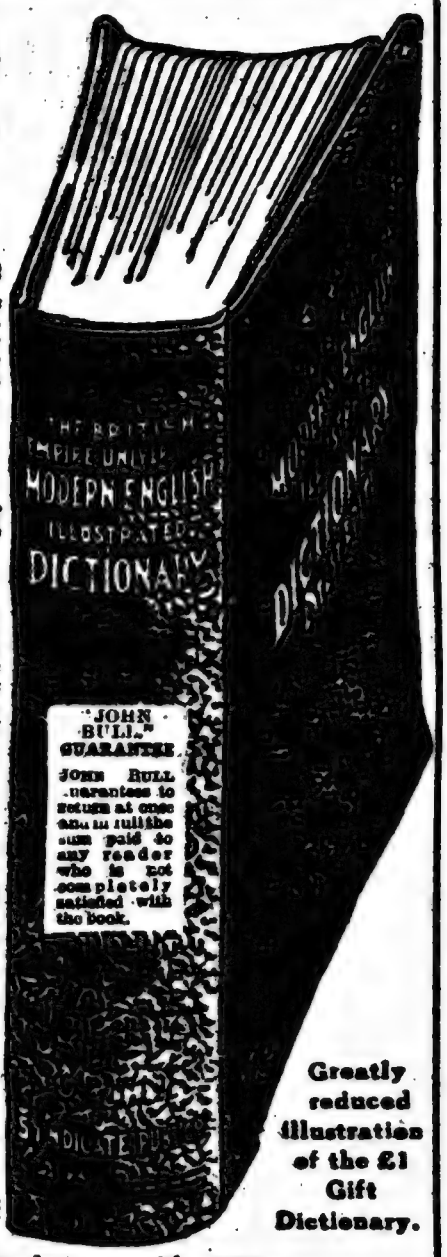
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We caused "some" stir amongst our boys when we first rumbled up behind our lines. but we created more stir when we had a look round Fritz's sleeping quarters. They thought anything we produced was a "wash-out," but we caught them napping for once. Old Wibbly-Wobbly, as my Tank is nicknamed, acts as a tonic upon our boys,. and with a good cig.—say an Army C ub, for choice - we can go anywhere, do anything, and over anything.

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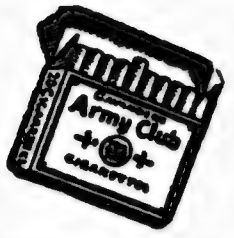

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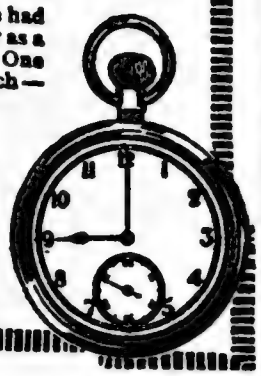

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BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

Boxing, as it should be in these days, remains the greatest as well as the most popular of our sports that have to do with the making of men. It is practised everywhere, at home and behind the lines, with an enthusiasm and a skill that have given to the grand old game a vitality which nothing can or will ever kill. And it is fitting that one of the most interesting contests of a truly eventful year is to be between Sergt.-Major Wells and Sergt.-Major Voyles, whose gallantry in the field has won for him the D.C.M. They are to meet at the N.S.C. on the night of my old friend, "Peggy" Bettinson's, benefit, December 18th. Voyles, who is in the Irish Guards, has not won such fame as a boxer as Wells—nor such a fortune; but he is a good, honest fighter, and, judged by appearances, is none the worse for a gruelling time at the Front. He has met Wells (then Bombardier) before, at the King's Hall, and there was a period when he had him beaten, as we say, "to the world." But Wells (the quidnuncs did not then prate about his weak spot), in a way truly remarkable in the light of subsequent events, pulled himself together, and with a left-handed punch to the body knocked Voyles out. A finish chockful of drama it was, and, in the excitement, it was said by most writers that Wells won by a right-hand blow on the jaw. From that contest, of which I was the referee, Wells jumped to an almost giddy rung on the pugilistic ladder, to earn the reputation as the biggest sensation-monger of the day:—first everybody's darling, then down flop would he come, and then up high like some sky-rocket he would go. Well, on the 18th, we shall see what we shall see.

"Come Kid."

In the afternoon of the same day upon which Wells and Voyles meet, Jimmy Wilde—the ideal man for a Tank, some one declared — will try conclusions with one Zulu Kid, who has come over from America with an enlarged ear and a reputation which is quite imposing. He is quite a nice, modest little fellow, and has done his training at Harry Preston's place at Brighton. The Zulu Kid, who is not a Zulu at all, but an intelligent Italian, will accomplish the biggest thing any boxer from America could do if he beats Wilde. There has never been seen the like of Wilde before. The affair is to be at the Central Hall, Holborn.

We were all truly sorry to hear that Jerry Delaney had been killed "out there." Had he been spared, he would surely have become lightweight champion. Freddie Welsh would have found in Delaney a tremendously difficult man to beat. And, by the way, I wonder whether Welsh has ever thought of joining the ranks. Top-notchers should not consider themselves immune from service.

"Hearts of Oak."

Seaman Bill Curzon is one of the old men of the ring, but at the National Sporting Club last week he provided THE bout of the night. Against a big, broad-shouldered fellow, Sid Doyle, of Islington, he was quite early sent down, wallop, with a right-hander, and most of us at the ring side thought that it was all over. But the seaman, with that bulldog grit that your sailor shows more than any other man, just shook his muzzy head for a few seconds, and then stood up, more than a trifle groggy—half reeling in fact. But the instinct of the trained boxer had not deserted him. He covered up, and let Doyle tire himself by punching away at his elbows. Thereafter, until the end of the tenth round, Curzon made a sort of piston-rod of his left hand, and finished a gallant winner. And we all said, "That's just like the real sailor."

This for the boys in the trenches, from many of whom I receive letters daily asking me to tell them how boxing is going. In a contest the other night the Rev. Father Brown was the referee. One of the boxers was sent down, and the reverend gentleman, a splendid type of sporting parson, started to count him out. "One— two——" he cried, when a squeaky Cockney voice from the gallery shouted, "Don't count him aht, Father. Read the burial service, carn't yer?"

RACING NOTES.

By THE SQUIRE.

There is every prospect of good sport during the Winter, meetings having been arranged for each week until the end of March. A glance at the entries for the various events at Windsor at the end of this week will clearly show that a very large number of high-class recruits to the "jumping" game has been enlisted, and we may look forward to some enjoyable days.

Winner-finding will be difficult in the early stages, trainers not knowing how their charges stand with each other, but the form will soon settle down, and aided by a little information backers should be well able to hold their own.

At Windsor, on Friday, CAROL SINGER on his favourite course should prove a good thing for the Friday Selling Hurdle, whilst TEMPLEDOWNEY ought to take the Windsor Steeplechase. BOUTON ROUGE is fit and well for the Clifton Selling Steeplechase. On Saturday, old BRIDGE IV., who always comes out fit and well at the beginning of the season, looks the very likely winner of the Paddock Selling Steeplechase. THE BIMKIN has taken well to jumping, and may bring the December Hurdle to Newmarket. COOLDREEN, who has been to Ireland and is in good form, may win the Club Handicap Steeplechase; and of the youngsters in the Mye Three-year-old Hurdle, I hear a good account of BLUEGROUND.

The SQUIRE'S SPECIAL, containing full notes on the meeting, is now on sale. It will be published every Tuesday throughout the winter. Orders should be sent to Messrs. Odhams, 93, Long Acre, W.C., enclosing 6d. P.O. for a copy.

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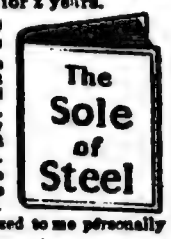

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How I Darkened My Grey Hair.

Lady gives Simple Home Recipe that She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs of water add a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of bay rum. These ingredients can be bought at any chemists at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the grey hair but removes dandruff and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.—[ADVT.]

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TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:

"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean checkseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."

Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916*

Unfair Competition.

We should like to ask the Commanding Officer of the Command Depot, North Camp, Seaford, who granted permission to a Company Sergeant Major to enter on the business of selling newspapers in the camp. This is distinctly against Regulations, and is unfair to civilians whose livelihood depends upon the trade. If this kind of competition becomes general, we will find our N.C.O.s hawking around the fruit and fizz which are at present supplied by the camp sutlers.

Sufferings at Catford.

The daily scenes outside the A.S.C. Sub-Depot at Bromley Road, Catford, are not edifying. Some of the old chaps have to turn out of their billets at 7 a.m., and walk nearly two miles to obtain their morning meal. They must do similar tramps for their other repasts, and are kept for considerable periods in the open waiting for their rations, the attempts of some of the unfortunates to get better places in the queue lead to free fights. Cannot the Commanding Officer make better arrangements?

In the Hands of the Thieves.

A Gunner tells us that, in a certain hospital, he was relieved of two watches, five gold rings, and an appreciable sum of money. We are sorry that he has fallen amongst thieves—but are wondering where he obtained all the jewellery.

The Matter of Salutes.

If a soldier fails to salute a superior in rank, there is trouble brewing, for most of our new officers are sticklers for the compliment. In these circumstances, it is regrettable that we should have received from Tommies many letters complaining of the refusal of officers to salute the bodies of their comrades of the rank and file when they are being taken to the grave. The officers in question may think it undignified to touch their caps on such occasions, but if they read their King's Regulations they will discover that it is their duty to do so. And even the great Napoleon did not withhold this tribute to brave men.

More Injustice.

Time-expired N.C.O.'s who rejoin the Colours are supposed to be restored to their rank. Over a dozen such men, however, were recently sent out to Nowshera, in India. Two months after their arrival they were reverted to Privates, on authority from London. To make matters worse for them, their reduction to the ranks was dated back, and they have been ordered to refund the additional pay they received, each man being thus placed heavily in debt. This mean huckstering, unfortunately, is in evidence in other departments of the Service.

One More for JOHN BULL.

A month ago we appealed to the authorities to pay the wives and dependents of our soldiers their money on Christmas Eve, in order that they might be in a position to enjoy the season of good will. We supplemented our appeal by personally approaching the proper authorities, laying the matter urgently before them. We are pleased to be able to say that our suggestion has been adopted, and that the women and children will not be left penniless during Christmastide. We rejoice that JOHN BULL's influence has brought about this important concession, and are gratified by the flood of letters of thanks which come to us by each mail from Tommy's loved ones. Their happiness will add to the enjoyment of our own Christmas are.

Slackers in India.

Why not apply the Military Service Act to the tens of thousands of young fellows between the ages of 18 and 30 in India—mostly shop assistants and clerks—whose places could be taken by older men. A decent Brigade could be formed from this promising material.

Confined to Hospital.

This is an order sent by a Major, R.A.M.C., to the Matron of Marchhall Red Cross Hospital, Edinburgh:—"A question has arisen about passes to the men. The men are not, unless in a most exceptional case, to have passes from the Hospital at any time. These men are in Hospital; if they are able to have passes, they must be discharged to their depots." We protest against the treatment of the patients in some of our hospitals, and question if their confinement to the wards, with consequent lack of exercise and fresh air, does not retard their recovery.

Strafing the Mudlarks.

Some of the C.O.s at the Front are sticklers for the polish and shine that enable the German aviator to spot Tommy. They are so keen on having everything spick and span that within a few hours of the soldier's return from the muddy trenches if there is a speck on his uniform he is confined to confinement and stoppage of pay, which is decidedly unfair. Perhaps Sir Douglas Haig will find time to look into the matter.

Unfortunate Castaways.

The other day a steamer was torpedoed off Lowestoft. She went down in three minutes, and the few survivors were fortunate in getting away in the boats, lightly clad and drenched to the skin. They rowed for eight miles without seeing a Patrol Boat—and when at length they got to a pier, the sentry told the shivering creatures that they could not land until they had obtained authority! Cramped and half-frozen, they actually could not get leave to go ashore, to stamp their feet to restore circulation, until permission reached them more than half-an-hour after they had made the land. If they had been German murderers, they would have been received with open arms.

Jack's Complaints.

The sailors on one of our largest Grand Fleet ships are making up their minds as to whether they should dump their new kinema apparatus over the side, as it proclaims that it was made in Germany. They also kick against their letters being censored by a Midshipman who is not yet 17 years old—a state of affairs that is pretty common in the Navy. Some of the same Bluejackets, when on leave the other night, called at one of the refreshment rooms kept by the alleged "Servicemen's friends" at a certain station, where each of them was charged 9d. for a small cup of bad coffee and two diminutive buns.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert.

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

J. S. (Deptford).—I wrote to the Admiralty concerning your case, and have forwarded you their reply. Pleased to have been of service, and particularly glad that the matter has been satisfactorily settled.

"CONSUMPTIVE" (Tottenham).—I much regret that at present no pensions are granted to men of your class. I understand that all parties in Parliament agree that something should be done for the men who have broken down on home service, but Westminster is still the same old hot-air factory, and thus nothing is accomplished. It will be different when the boys come home and elect a People's Parliament, which will be out for business.

R. M. L. I. (Plymouth).—Pensions may be earned in your unit up to £91 a year by warrant officers. When a man obtains a commission as Quartermaster, the annual pension on discharge—either on account of wounds or at the expiration of long service—ranges from £200 to £250.

A. B. (Devonport).—During the period of your total incapacity, each of your children is entitled to an allowance of half-a-crown a week.

W. W. M. (Belfast).—I agree with you. The consumptive and the epileptic are immensely worse off than the man who has lost a leg and is granted a pension. It often happens that the pensionless consumptive can only lie in bed and watch his family starving, whilst the epileptic usually finds it impossible to obtain employment. See reply to "Consumptive."

C. E. A. (Portsmouth).—A Chief Electrical Artificer, who has completed 22 years' service after his entry as a Chief Petty Officer, is entitled to a pension not exceeding £1 4s. weekly. Warrant electricians receive pensions up to £150 a year.

N. T. (Paddington).—You are entitled to a supplementary pension, and I have sent your case forward.

"STEELBACK" (Bromley).—Thanks for your letter. Of course, we have attended successfully to pensions questions since the beginning of the war. I welcome the accession of the other journalistic forces, and hope they will have the effect of waking up Parliament.

D. C. M. (Caledonian Road).—The medal carries with it an additional pension of sixpence a day.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Rfn. W. Harlock, 5906, Queen's Westminsters; Pte. W. H. Peake, 15330, Royal Scots Fusiliers; Pte. L. Northcott, 6976, Somerset Light Infantry; Pte. C. Edwards, 12359, A Coy., Berks Regt.; Pte. R. Sherrington, 21303, R.F.; Signaller G. W. Tebbett, 13634, West Yorks Regt.; Pte. A. Barrie, 22513, A Coy. H.L.I.; Pte. S. Penny, 12077, A Coy., Lincs. Regt.; Tpr. J. S. Radford, 2991, Shropshire Imperial Yeo. (T), attached D. Coy., 14 Platoon, Ches. Regt.; Sergt. C. Glen, 11346, B Coy., Sherwood Foresters; L.-Cpl. M. T. Wissler, 1000, C Coy., West Yorkshire Regt.; Rfn. F. Styan, 12419, K.R.R.C.; Pte. H. Owens, 27164, A Coy., 3 Platoon, Royal Welsh Fusiliers; Pte. G. A. Wale, 3494, A. Coy., South African Infantry; L.-Sergt. J. R. Fisher, 2128, Queen Victoria Rifles; Bugler H. Teale, 14100, A Coy., Cheshire Regt.; Sergt. E. L. Morgan, B Coy., Welsh Regt. Pioneers; Pte. T. Bolton, 11333, C Coy., East Yorkshire Regt.; Rfn. E. Boyes, 13081, C Coy., K.R.R.; Cpl. R. Holdkinson, 12582, Loyal North Lancs.; Pte. H. Dickinson, 7287, Lincs Regt.; Pte. W. Mumford, 3918, L.M.G. Section, 1st Australian Division; Pte. T. Westwood, 16561, Worcester Regt.; Pte. S. Hooper, 12626, Scots Guards; Pte. J. A. Burd, 23615, K.S.L.I.; Pte. M. Wilson, 793, E.Y.R.; Sergt. R. H. McAvoy, 11107, H.L.I., Indian Exped. Force "D"; Pte. W. Bassett, 4849, C Coy., M.G.S., Middlesex Regt.; Pte. C. Barrett, 19581, West Riding Regt.; L.-Cpl. C. Dover, 11th Platoon, C Coy., City of London Regt.; Pte. G. Craig, 3524, 9 Platoon, C Coy., Black Watch; Pte. W. Allen, 37245, A Coy., Royal Welsh Fusiliers; Cpl. A. G. Bevan, 10309, D Coy., Royal Welsh Fusiliers; Sergt. E. Bishop, 6222, Royal Fusiliers; Pte. W. Knight, 4747, 11 Platoon, London Scottish; Pte. J. H. Sennett, 106543, B Squadron, Canadian Mtd. Rifles; Pte. C. T. Clarke, 8590, C Coy., R Warwicks Regt.; Pte. L. Bennett, 14224, D Coy. K.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. J. A. Blow, 2467, Q.R.W.S.R. Pte. F. Gowans, 2014, B Coy., Royal Scots; Pte. N. Harper, 5504, West Yorks Regt.; Pte. E. Smith, 11753, Black Watch; Rfn. J. Thomson, 7503, 11 Platoon, C Coy., S.R.; Pte. S. Davey, 21749, B Coy. South Staffords.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 20 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Dec 2nd. 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*strike out one of these.*) Dec. 2nd, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

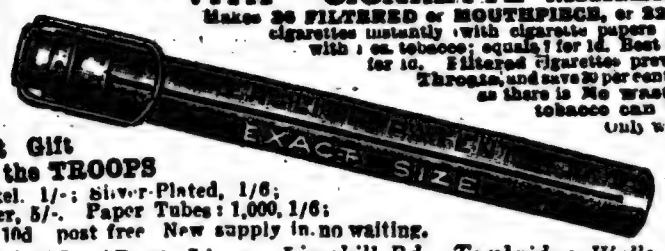
.....

British Made Throughout.

Made at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London. See that every lamp sold as Osram bears the words "G.E.C. Made in England." Refuse all others.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 20 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 22 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 6 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 30 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.



Best Gift for the TROOPS

Nickel, 1/-; Silver-Plated, 1/6; Silver, 5/-. Paper Tubes: 1,000, 1/6; 500 10d post free. New supply in, no waiting.

VITA CO., (Dept. J.), 30, Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Genuine Furs, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.

ON EASY TERMS

A WELL-KNOWN LONDON FIRM of over 100 years standing has acquired the business of the

BRITISH

34 to 40 Great College Street London N.W.

TELEPHONE: NORTH 2827 & 2828.

EVERY WELL-DRESSED MAN

who wants to keep his clothes in perfect condition and reduce his tailoring bills should send a trial suit or overcoat, to be pressed in smartest style. All stains, marks and creases taken out, minor repairs made, for 3s. 9d. (plus war increase 10 per cent.) Write for prospectus.

Repairs, alterations and turnings of every description.

Send post-card as above. Our vans collect and deliver free 10 miles from Charing Cross. Beyond, send by parcel post; we post back.

BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry always. Men's 9/- Children's 2/6. Sou'-westers, 1/6. Long Leggings, 2/9. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort." to HARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

SEND HIM **HEALO**

The most useful article to "Tommy" for Wounds, Scrapes, Chilblains, Frost-bites, Cuts, Burns, Tender feet or any skin affection. Free sample from M. SMITH & Co Kidderminster.

Sold by 11 Chemists 1s 3d. and 3s.

DON'T LOOK OLD!

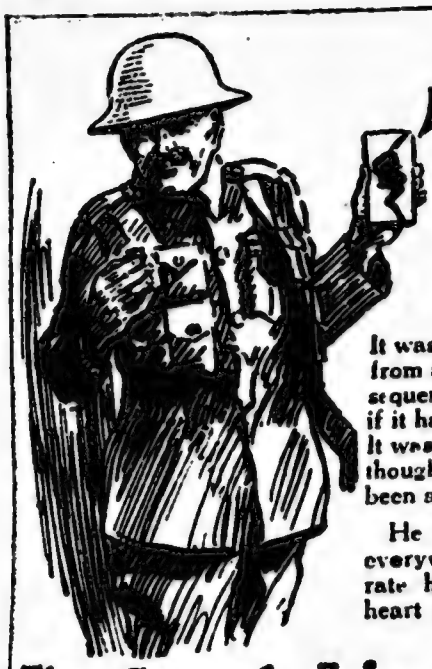
Keep Your Employment.

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER

DARKENS IN A FEW DAYS.

Obtained everywhere. Free by post for 1/9 from 82, BEDFORD LABORATORY, LONDON, S.E.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 28



"That stopped it anyhow."

It was just a small piece of shrapnel from a "whiz bang," but the consequences might have been serious if it hadn't been for his pocket case. It wasn't an ordinary leather wallet though. It was steel lined, and had been sent to him from home.

He carries it about with him everywhere and feels that at any rate he is minimising the risk of heart wounds.

The Steel Lined Wallet

is an excellent protection against glancing bullets and stray pieces of shrapnel. It has saved many lives, and is as good a safeguard over the heart as is the "Shrapnel Helmet" over the head.

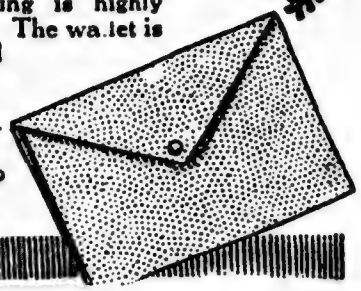
Apart from the protection afforded, the wallet is a very useful present. It will hold many letters—and contains a supply of stationery. The steel lining is highly polished, and can be used as a mirror. The wallet is made in several finishes, and is designed to give long service.

Price 4/6 post paid anywhere.

Send your order and P.O. to day, to:

T. J. & J SMITH, LTD.

26, Charterhouse Square, London, E.C.



BY GOSH! Here's Luck.

If you could only realize the delight with which a bar of WRIGLEY'S is received "Somewhere in France," you would miss no opportunity of sending a few bars across.

It means not only a toothsome sweetmeat, but also a source of wholesome refreshment and stimulation—a comfort that can be enjoyed when cigarettes are out of the question.

Since the days of Mons, Wrigley's has been a valued "extra ration" with every unit of the British Forces.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

CHEWING GUM

"The sweetmeat that helps the Soldiers."

½d. bar; 5 bars 2½d.; 40 bars 1/6.

Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Canteens, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Chemists, including all branches of Boots and Taylors

WRIGLEY'S, LTD LAMBETH PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.*

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists, herbalists and stores or is

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

This model Ingersoll "Radiolite"

12/6

To-night

In the darkened street, in camp after 'lights out,' in the cinema, going to night work, early rising, thousands of people will want to know the time and find their watches are dead useless!

Modern wizardry has, however, provided the Ingersoll "RADIOLITE"—a watch that twinkles out the time as clearly as stars in the night.

Other *Ingersoll* MODELS 6/6 to 26/-

50 per cent. more useful than a day-time watch, yet costs only 2s. 6d. more for luminous point dial or 5s. extra for full luminous figures.

Ask any watch dealer to show you one. If he cannot supply, we send direct on receipt of price. List free.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., LTD., (353, Regent House), **Kingsway, London, W.C.**

Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.

Science evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never bind or gripe; never weaken.

Chocoloids REGD.

For Constipation.

Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. A handy metal case for vest pocket. Send P.O. 2/6 now for full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirchley Laboratories (Dept. 33) Birmingham.

Send postcard for free sample sufficient to prove.

FARROW'S BANK, LTD.

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts.

Authorised Capital	£1,000,000
Shares Issued	700,000
Shareholders	4,000

Chairman, Mr. Thomas Farrow.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT-STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS opened with £5 and upwards, and 2½% interest paid on approved credit balances

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS opened with any sum, and interest paid from 3½% to 5%, according to notice of withdrawal.

CALL OR WRITE FOR SPECIAL BOOKLET.

Head Office: 1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Branches throughout the United Kingdom.

A. W. & CO

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will personally refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A poor fellow has been discharged with consumption after training at home. According to regulations, he cannot claim a pension. The unfortunate chap has a wife and three children, and cannot obtain employment. We have taken this case up and given temporary relief.

The wife of a man in the trenches has two children ill. In the early days of the war several glowing promises were made which, unfortunately, have not been fulfilled—among them, that the dependents of our soldiers would have free medical treatment. The poor girl in question was made to pay for the doctor's services out of her meagre allowance. We have made matters right, and enabled her to "carry on."

The wives of soldiers are granted 30s. by a beneficent Government when a certain joyful event occurs. Week after week we are asked to augment this sum in order to provide the first kit for the little Briton and help with other expenses. We are always pleased to do so.

We repeat that Government should at once revise the scale of allowances to our soldiers' dependents. They may have been sufficient when war started, but having regard to the soaring of prices they are by no means adequate now. It is too bad that the rulers of the Empire should neglect their responsibilities and leave the alleviation of distress to funds such as ours. But the war will be over one day, and Tommy will see to it that there will be a new order of things.

The Statutory War Pensions Committees are among the most useful organisations of the present time. We are glad to pay tribute to the excellence of the movement, but we suggest to the ruling head, who undoubtedly wishes for efficiency, that some of his lady visitors might be changed. We regret that, as was the case with the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, there are some blue-blooded lady inspectors who turn up their noses at Service men's hard-pressed wives, telling them to go to the workhouse or sell their furniture and retire to a cheap top back room. When these voluntary workers—very obviously well-fed and clothed—have finished with their victims, the poor women come to us and find sympathy.

Each week we receive applications from strangers on behalf of unnamed persons who are supposed to be suffering severely through the war and are "too proud" to apply personally. We are sorry to say that on making inquiries we have sometimes ascertained that these cases are bogus, the sympathetic intermediaries for the starving widows or dependents of soldiers being merely sharks who hoped to net a portion of our fund for themselves.

We regret, too, to note the increasing number of discharged soldiers who are work-shy, and go from fund to fund telling a pitiful tale in the hope of getting assistance of which they are unworthy. A large portion of these undesirables come to JOHN BULL, but are invariably detected and go empty away. One of the tribe last week showed his discharge paper, and alleged that he would not have had to cadge if the Paymaster had not held back £17 of his money. When we requested the serial particulars of his battery and number, in order that we might telephone to the Paymaster and get his arrears of pay for him at once, he asked if he might go downstairs to fetch up his wife, who would confirm his story. He went, but did not return!

We take every possible step to insure that not a penny of the money subscribed by our readers gets into wrong hands. The deserving case is relieved on the spot, but the bilk receives nothing. We mention this fact as an assurance to our supporters that all is well with our "Greatest of These" Fund.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *You* HELP?

Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 7s. 9d.; "Unclaimed Treasury Note" (per J. E. S.), 10s.; "A Mother," 1s.; W. H. M., 6d.; Hosur Remount Depot, South India (per R. S. S.), £4; M. J. C. (Manchester), £5; E. G. C. (Ipswich), 3s.; E. D. (Patricroft), 1s.; "Churchgoer Sometimes," 10s.; Mrs. G. H., 1s.; "A Reader" (Broadstairs), 2s. 6d.; "Malayan," 5s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; M. W. F., 2s. 6d.; "Moonbeam," 5s.; "Bill and Ben" (E. Cowes), 2s.; M. S., 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "Betty," 6d.; E. A. B., 1s. 6d.; F. L. O., 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; A. L. H. (Regent's Park), 1s.; "Mite," 6d.; A. H. (Wednesbury), 1s.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £3; S. P. G. (Middlesbrough), 1s.; "A Chelsea Girl," 5s.; H. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "A Sailor's Sweetheart," 1s.; "Esperanto" (Barrow), 2s. 6d., Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works (Eastchurch Branch), £1 8s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver No. 5272," 1s.; H. J. H., 1s.; Miss M. (Huddersfield), 1s.; Mrs. G. C. (Durban), 10s.; "A Few Friends in Natal," 10s.; "Tooraloo," 5s.; A. W. (Peckham Rye), £1 1s.; F. M. (Colchester), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. B., 6d.; "A Thankoffering," 1s.; "An O'd Campaigner," 1s.; D. S. (Bournemouth), 5s.; Hythe Sports Club (Natal), £5; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; W. B. W., 1s.; C. D. (Colinton), 2s.; "A Reader," (Chelsea), 6d.; "The Boys of the 51st Battery" (B.E.F.), 10d.; Cpl. S. S. K., 2s. 4d.; "Torpedo," 7s. 6d.; H.M.T. "Mexico City" (2nd subscription), £5; Mrs. A. C., 1s. 3d.; "Khaki Canuck," 10s.; "Annie," 1s.; "Redlock," 1s.; "Lover of Justice," 1s. 6d.; "Gwen," 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Reformed," 2s.; "Crojack Yard," 2s. 6d.; M. G., 1s.; "Sailor's Girl," 1s.; "One of Them," 1s.; W. H. J. (Walsall), 1s.; G. H., 2s. 6d.; W. L. R. E., 2s. 6d.

COLLECTING BOXES.

TYNEMOUTH.—Mr. Ed. Smith, "Gibraltar Rock Hotel," 3s. 6d.

WALLSEND.—Mr. W. Stephenson, 46, Station Road, 4s. 1d.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. T. Draper, 24, Park Street, Blackheath, 5s. 1d.; Mr. J. Lowe, "Baltic Inn," Hope Street, 2s. 8d.; Messrs. Wilson and Ward, 56, Newhall Street, 1s. 2d.

TAVISTOCK.—Mr. J. M. Balfry, Bramshott Camp, 15s. 7d.

LETCHWORTH.—Mr. W. G. Furnston, "The Skittle Inn," 3s. 10d.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—Mr. W. Whitwick, "The Bell" Temperance Commercial Hotel, 3, Cornhill, 3s. 4d.

TAUNTON.—Miss L. M. Leach, 62, East Street, 5s.

ADDLESTONE.—Mr. Geo. Jackson, 118, Station Road, 6s.

BILSTON.—Mr. H. Matthews, "Spread Eagle Hotel," 7s. 6d.; Mr. F. Rothery Ellis, "Hippodrome," 6s. 6d.

BRADLEY STAFFS.—Mr. J. Davies, "The Royal Oak," Salop Street, 2s. 6½d.

ANY girl or woman can work "on munitions", and still keep her skin soft and clear and her complexion fresh and radiant with the rose-like bloom of youth. But to do this she must make a habit of using Ven-Yusa the newly-discovered Oxygen Face Cream.

A few touches of Ven-Yusa after the morning wash protects the face from the cold weather, and shields the skin pores during working hours from the grit and grime of the factory. This is because Ven-Yusa is the only toilet cream that gives the skin the natural oxygen which is necessary to keep it soft, refreshed, and free from blemish.

1s. per jar of Chemists, Hairdressers, &c., or post free, at same price, from C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

"WE'LL BUY THAT HOUSE!" through the "CITY LIFE" simple system of instalment payments. Booklet Free, from F.G.L./J.B.

City Life Assurance Co., Ltd., 6, Paul Street, London, E.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of *specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

J. G. HUSBAND, 5, North View, New Park, Harrogate. November 4th. 940,823.

C. T. WOODHEAD, 18, Susanville Road, Drumcondra, Dublin. October 21st. 697,760.

J. SPIVEY-THOMAS, 80, Orphanage Road, Erdington, Birmingham. November 4th. A386,318.

F. BILTON, 6, Lead Mill Lane, York. October 28th. 951,652.

M. PETTELL, 29, Woodside Road, Prince Regent's Lane, Plaistow. November 4th. 1071,210.

E. T. PRODGMAN, Bydell Farm, Wroughton, Swindon. November 4th. 703,071.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 25th:—

015,227	241,374	644,534	948 922	A268,820
027,380	368,636	662,143	957,631	A279,157
052,269	390,069,	689,264	994,018	A325,739
094,448	406,934	715,470	998,396	A333,654
128,322	453,040	749,151	A002,912	A379,922
176,118	521,758	783,364	A068,348	A390,335
200,922	573,175	824,593	A091,237	A438,254
245 072	578 963	837,326	A147,725	A475,620
263,834	594,360	893,590	A168,093	A546,137
281,265	631,783	910,005	A223,556	A572,376

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Dec. 6th).

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of LEGAL inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. FINANCIAL and INSURANCE inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

"A TRAWLER MAN" (Lowestoft).—If mine-sweepers are not armed with a gun, they most certainly ought to be.

"A REGULAR READER" (London, N.).—"Who in the world is Lord Devonport?" Believe he was once a grocer, but who in the world cares?

A. D. B. (Durban).—Why do you address us in the plural? At our time of life, we don't increase and multiply. Only editorially are we "we."

M. S. (P. Elizabeth).—There are, of course, limits to eye-for-eye and tooth-for-tooth reprisals. Eventually you come to the last toe-nail, and sometimes it is the other fellow who has it.

O. H. (Wimbledon).—It is, we fear, not likely that our boys at the Front will have any say in the terms of peace, which will be settled by the old ladies at the back.

E. E. G. (Kingston).—Don't blame us for the "exemption of 10,000 Theological Students and Clergymen of Military Age." We didn't do it.

C. H. T. (Thornton Heath).—Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's hasty exits from "peace" meetings through side doors and back doors begin to be absurdly reminiscent of the pantomime Harlequinade (old style). A string of sausages and a red-hot poker would complete the picture.

A. C. (Antrim).—"Are the Dublin R.I.C. to be rewarded for joining the A.O.H.? Why was £10,000 taken from the P.O.W. Fund and given to Dublin looters?—money collected for the soldiers!" Strikes us you want to know something.

F. S. L. (Liverpool).—You were on the first ship to sight the *Lusitania*, and can never forget what you saw. Going to fight the Huns, you "don't expect to come back, being too anxious to get at them." You'll come back, lad; tell us when you do. Good luck!

"CANADIAN VOLUNTEER."—"The Seat-Warmers at Westminster" neatly describes our legislators. In their turn they need sitting on. But that mixes the metaphor.

"A ROYAL SCOT."—You want half-a-crown for this Epitaph for Bill: "If he's tane tae realms above, Fareweel tae happiness and love; But if he's tane tae a lower level, I'm awfu' sorry for the Devil." The money is yours directly the inscription is cut.

"BRITAIN'S MUNITION WORKERS" (Abbey Wood).—We know no reason why your pay should be reduced five times in six months, for work done in the danger building. But we do know that "men who stand by and laugh at you" ought to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

"BOURGEOIS" (Workington).—Don't worry about the puerile advertisements of the quaint organisation which calls itself the "Strength of Britain Movement," and manifests its feebleness from the purlieus of Denman Street, Piccadilly. It would rob the warrior and the working man of their beer, forgetting that an honest brew has for ages been "Britain's strength."

L. B. (Gillingham).—"Send the Government home, pay them their miserable salaries to stop there, and let's get on with the war." Must be a Crœsus if you call those salaries "miserable"!

M. D.—"Is a man justified in fighting for a country that has seen him hunger-marching through it?" Perhaps it was not the country's fault.

J. C. (Leytonstone).—"An Englishman doesn't move till his pocket is touched." Just now it is being emptied.

"44" (Skelmanthorpe).—Yes, the parson you name, and two or three others, backed out of their promises to conduct Sunday School services in the Isle of Man because they funked the sea journey and subs.

J. W. C. (L'pool).—Sorry if our artist wrongly depicted the fashion in which soldiers are tied to the limber wheel when undergoing certain field punishment at the front. But still more sorry that there were grounds for drawing any such picture at all.

R. S. (Cardiff).—Delighted to hear that "Cardiff has washed her mud off on Winstone," and that "Merthyr is waiting for him and his." Having made a strict and particular fool of himself as a peace crank, the best thing Winstone can do is to hire himself out to local authorities as a lightning scavenger. He collects mud and garbage wherever he goes.

W. M. W. (Watford).—Dishonest postmen, who steal notes and postal orders from letters, deserve to be torn in pieces by wild remitters and savage addressees.

E. R. H. (Kensington, W.).—Thanks for pictorial compliment. Sorry cannot give you an appointment yet awhile, for we are here to-day, gone to-morrow, and back the next day.

R. N. (Forest Gate).—No Zeppelin ever paid us a friendly visit before the war. In fact, we do not think any German *ever* paid us a friendly visit in any circumstances.

"A WOMAN" (New Tredegar).—The worst of our unnecessary Civil Lords is that they are a darned sight too civil—to the enemy.

C. R says that he has been asked to forward us a ring made out of a nail from one of the ill-omened *Hampshire's* boats. It is certainly very neatly fashioned, and if he will be good enough to forward fuller particulars, we shall be pleased to sell it on behalf of our War Sufferers' Fund, unless he desires it to be put to some other purpose.

E. C. W. (Croydon).—Horse sense is in your notion that the Food Controller should be a working-man who has to feed a wife and 11 kids on 30s. a week. He knows all about it.

Mrs. A. B. P. (Kelso).—If only the "Killjoy" faction had a little sense, we could forgive them most of their foibles. Obviously, the closing of "temperance" refreshment houses on Sunday evenings is calculated to divert their customers to the "pubs."

"A READER" (Bloemfontein).—You are surprised at the "foul utterance" of "an educated Dutchman," but it is nothing to the slimy filth that drips from the jaws of "educated" Huns. You can't teach parlour manners to a pig!

"A JOHN BULL READER" (Bolton).—"They want soldiers. I have sent two, and I have had to keep them ever since they went away." Very nearly true, we are afraid.

E. C. A. (R. A. Mess, Athlone).—Sorry the price of paper prevents us from giving your views on the price of milk, but, in a general way, we have already dealt with the points you raise.

J. D. T. (Marston Green).—Don't worry over bilious Byles. He is a disappointed starter in the St. Stephen's Handicap.

E. A. H. (Islington).—With reference to the Employment of Children Act, you ask: "When do our children belong to us?" At dinner-times, of course.

"AN OLD WOMAN" (Sunderland).—"Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord, and help us to be just, but not foolish, with our enemies." That's a good enough prayer for an Archbishop, even if you do "have to get a dictionary to help you spell."

"SERGEANT" (Canadian Convalescent Camp, Monks Horton).—"Ninety per cent. of Canadian soldiers greatly prefer the Imperially managed hospitals, because they are well conducted and not muddled through." That's one in the eye for Sir Sam Hughes.

G. B. (Headingley).—You will note that the Leeds man who has been accumulating sugar and selling it in large quantities to selfish, well-to-do purchasers at 8d. a lb., is now well under the big hat.

J. R. L. (Selby).—Standard bread's noan soa bad, lad, so tha needn't cut oop soa crusty.

A. O. (Boscombe).—"If this is the war prophesied in Revelations to last 42 months, they would be lunar months, ending in October, 1917, not February, 1918." Date duly noted. But why Revelations?

G. W. (London, E.C.).—The Rev. Herbert Dunnico, Secretary of the so-called Peace Negotiations Committee, has about as much influence in that direction as a dun cow. Nevertheless, Herbert's piffling pamphlets are irritating to the patriotic.

I. E. S. T. (Fittleworth).—We are not so sure that our airmen *do* "uncomplainingly accept unnecessary dangers." If they make a general demand for bullet-proof headgear, surely it would be forthcoming.

A. B. B. (Gravesend)—a Dutchman—says that "only a small proportion of the Dutch are *pro*-Germhun." We hope to have the rest presently fighting with the Allies.

A. H. F. (Midhurst).—After he has done his six weeks in gaol, it is not improbable that William Brown, the twenty-year-old carman who stole parcels intended for British prisoners of war in Germhuny, will find himself in the Army.

"REGULAR READER" (Brixton) alleges that "they are passing men into the Army suffering from that horrible hidden plague." *Ipse dixit!*

"JOCK" (Liverpool).—Dean Swift said that fleas are always drawn larger than life and elephants smaller than life. You have a great idea of yourself, but you're only a flea after all.

"LT.-COL." (Tollington Park) suggests that many of the wireless stations of the enemy in this country are the confessional boxes of the Roman Catholic Church. Roman Catholics offer a vehement denial to that allegation.

"FRINTON."—"I am very glad they made me join the Army, In a Military Office they put me: Being Germhun by extraction, I get greater satisfaction, In my comfy little billet by the sea." Then there is one more skunk in Frinton.

W. H. (Prestwich).—As you say, a "great many young policemen could be spared for military duties." The policeman's lot just now is rather a happy one.

HUGH H. P. (Sussex).—Thanks. In the circumstances, it is not always possible to dissociate cads from commissions. But almost without exception newly-made officers behave as gentlemen.

"GEDDINGTON."—We have always considered a farm-labourer who brings up a family respectably on 16s. a week or less to be a hero. But the battle of life ought not to be so hard for him.

"AN ENGLISH WOMAN."—"I fear lest you should feel contemptuously about letters from women." But we love them. The letters, of course.

"A DOCK LABOURER" (Millwall).—German policemen in the London Docks? What next? They ought to be—in the Dock.

"NOT A BIBLE BANGER."—Bakers naturally turn crusty when ordered to join up by another baker, who stays behind and gets the dough.

"FRIEND OF TRUTH."—"How do you explain so many Japs being in England in khaki?" Must be because they have left Japan.

D. H. C. (Preston).—"Mr. Bathurst says that every single potato in Germany is cooked in its jacket. What becomes of the married ones?" Don't you know that all married things are properly jacketed?

P. D-P. (Hants Yeomanry).—The office-boy presents his compliments, but wishes you would spell "battalion" with two t's However, he can sympathise—he himself is weak on the k's.

W. C. J. (Llanover).—If you send 6s. 11d. to the Bargain Watch Co., of 69, Cornwallis Road, London, N., we shall write you down as an ass.

C. S. (Carlisle).—Your legal points are of cast-iron cogency. Beats us why you haven't been made a member of the Court of Appeal.

C. P. L. C. (Newcastle).—It has been brought to your notice that a Chilian lad of 19 has run away from home to enlist in the British Army "to half pay off Chili's indebtedness to England for the part England played in gaining the independence of Chili in 1810." Hot stuff, that Chilian!

D. T. (Old Portsmouth).—"In anticipation of your next issue." This is it.

J. H. W. (Venezuela).—Your greetings are most welcome. We agree that the dead Zeppelin crew should have been buried without ceremony or palaver.

"VERITAS" (Southern Nigeria).—Sorry the representatives of the Church Missionary Society seem to have been so backward in supporting the Red Cross Appeal. Surely the naughty niggers on the Niger don't take up *all* their time.

C. H. (Maidstone).—We believe the Beeker system of learning the piano to be perfectly genuine, otherwise its advertisement would not appear in our columns.

G. S. (Hove).—We note that Schneider and Co., Government Contractors, are an old-established Dutch firm well known to the Board of Trade and other Government Departments. We are satisfied that there is no trace of German blood in its history. It was certainly not our intention to suggest otherwise in our recent paragraph.

"SINN FEINER."—"Dear John, how are you getting on, old boy?" Quite well without you.

"ONLOOKER," apropos of the recent throwing of eggs (when they were 3s., and upwards, a dozen, too!) at the dead Zepp. commander's coffin, wishes us to remind "A Mayo Gent." that, about three years ago, an Irish crowd stoned, in Bishop Street, Derry, the coffin of a Mrs. McGahey on its way to the grave. We await with keen interest "A Mayo Gent's" report.

"GLOBE" (King's Lynn).—It is foolish of people to worry because the Germans are said to call our Tommies "swinehunds." They would soon recover their spirits if they heard some of the artistic things our Tommies call the Boches. For example —— (Oh, *all* right, Mr. Censor.)

"MUNITIONS WORKER" (Glasgow).—"This city is over-run with Germans, but the men seem afraid to open their mouths." You aren't anyway, but mind you don't catch your teeth in your hair.

A. F. N. (Leeds).—Sorry our next edition is so full that one more syllable would burst its back. Later on, perhaps!

J. J. (Swindon).—An officer who calls a soldier "a damned swine," whether in Poona or anywhere else, ought to be court-martialled for being drunk or for neglecting to keep his mouth clean.

H. G. D. (Tufnell Park).—It was an alleged "Conscientious Objector" who wrote threatening two members of the Stanley Tribunal with death. He professed to hold all life as sacred!

"A RATEPAYER."—The Glasgow Sheriff who asked, "What are the Redskins?" must have been living in his coal-hole.

A. E. T. (Brooklands).—Once more your "little brush"! "I don't want to go under the Devil's wing again; it's all dark there." And you are all crazy at your spiritualist circle.

"ORATOR" (Islington) tells us he is a good speaker, but is never able to make an impressive peroration. Even a poor speaker can always make an impressive peroration by sitting on his hat.

"STAFF SERGEANT" (Sarum).—Probably Mr. Justice Rowlatt, in his charge at Wilts Assizes, did not intend to cast reflections on soldiers as a class. What may have been in his mind is that the Grundys, Chadbands, and Stiggins invariably anticipate an increase of all sorts of offences when soldiers are encamped near a city.

E. F. P. (Belfast).—Don't know what the naturalised Germhun "who openly admits he hopes the Germhuns will win," does at Bangor every week. Perhaps he goes to hear what the wild waves are saying.

"SONNY" (Pocklington).—Every uninterned Germhun in this country is suspect as a spy, and should be treated as such.

J. B. (Carlisle).—"Is it true that soldiers in kilts are under a penalty if they wear—" hush!—"in war-time? I know that any self-respecting man did in peace-time. As ladies, we cannot very well ask." You cannot, and we won't.

CORPL. H. B. (Seaforths).—"Which carries most water, a 4-in. pipe, or two 2-in. pipes?" Careful measurement under our tap proves that a 6-in. pipe whacks all three.

"HAROLD" (Forest Hill).—Sorry. You are now too late to secure a "Bullets" turkey. But why not have a shot at our £1,000 Christmas Box offered this week?

TO NEWSAGENTS.—The new Closing Regulations for shops do not apply to the sale of newspapers, and JOHN BULL, being registered as a newspaper, may be sold at any time.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

50,000 FREE LESSONS IN DUTTON'S SHORTHAND

To write shorthand is a great commercial asset. It gives great chances of promotion to high business positions. It will improve your prospects in life, and increase your value to the business world.

It is the person who seizes his opportunities in life who realises his ambitions. Make the most of the chances that come your way, for an opportunity offered and lost may never come again.

29 Characters. 6 Rules.

Men and women in all branches of learning and industry are seeking a knowledge of Dutton's wonderful new system of shorthand. Dutton's Shorthand will send you up the ladder of success. It abolishes all the old laborious methods, there being only 29 characters and six rules to learn. It is the only system which can be acquired in three days.

Fifty thousand First Lessons have been prepared for JOHN BULL readers. Send a stamped addressed envelope for yours to-day to

DUTTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
Room J, SKEGNESS.

BODY VERMIN THE WORST ENEMY

Our Lads in the trenches have been troubled more by body vermin than the Huns. They can now be made **vermin-free and vermin-proof** in a few minutes and at a trifling cost, thanks to the marvellous destructive power of

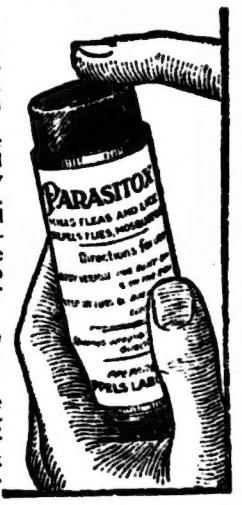
PARASITOX

which not only instantly kills every form of body parasite, but prevents the return of these dangerous and oathsome pests. It is, moreover, an equally sure protection against flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, and therefore specially valuable for soldiers in India, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Salonica.

FREE FROM GREASE.

Far more cleanly and pleasant as well as far more efficacious than any ointment. Does not stain or soil clothes; has an agreeable aromatic perfume.

TRUTH says:—"Exhaustive tests, by experts, have proved that PARASITOX effectively destroys all body vermin. . . . It simply needs to be rubbed over the seams of the underclothing and applied to the body. . . . Nothing is likely to be more welcome to a soldier in Camp."



Every Soldier should have a Stick. Send one out in your next parcel.

Sticks (1/- each) obtainable from all Chemists, including all branches of Boots—or sent post free direct on receipt of P.O. for 1/- by **Sole Makers.**

HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.
Also Strand, Haymarket, &c., &c.

WORLD'S RECORD

1ST £1,000

2ND £250

3RD £100

Greatest Prize Offer ever made!

'Bullets' Huge

12,000 XMAS PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £10	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	100 PRIZES OF 10/-

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 216.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG
TOMMY LIKES
MOST CHEERING WHEN
CHRISTMAS PUDDING
BEHIND THE SCENES
DRILLING SLACKER
CHANGING SOVEREIGN
WHY FOOD'S DEAR
MR. BALFOUR
WHEN COURTING
IN THE KITCHEN
PREACHING PEACE
STANDARD BREAD
SETTLING BILL
SEEING THE PICTURES
MOST UNLIKELY
A FISHY STORY
BARGAIN SALES
THE WEAKER SEX
BORROWING HABIT
TAKING THE PLEDGE
ON PARADE
LITTLE WILLIE'S MISTAKE
SWEET THINGS
CAUGHT NAPPING
STOUT AND BITTER
WHY MAID LEFT
CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR
ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR
ON THE STAGE
LOVE LETTERS
WHEN POLICEMAN'S WANTED
SELDOM WORKS
ALL THE RAGE
GERMAN SOLDIERS
WHAT FATHER HATES
BABY SHOWS
WHEN BUTCHER CALLS
BLUNT REFUSAL
THE KAISER'S WEAK SPOT

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
SELDOM WORKS.
Bullet:—
OBTAINING LOAN WITHOUT SECURITY.
Example:—
LOVE LETTERS.
Bullet:—
SAFEST WHEN TYPED.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated December 30th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated December 9th.

IF YOU WANT TO WIN ONE OF THESE 12,000 CHRISTMAS PRIZES SEND IN NOW!

No. Closing Date, Thursday, December 14th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(216) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 216. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, December 14th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(216) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

The closing date for this record offer has been extended to Dec. 14.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition **No. 217. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these Offices on or before THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21st.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number 217 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 217,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Forty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 217.

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS
MAKES FATHER MERRY
KEEPING MUM
WHEN BAKER CALLS
LITTLE ON
MOST UNWISE TO
FULL OF PROMISE
CALF LOVE
REGARDLESS OF COST
POOR RELIEF
TURNING THE SCALES
MISLEADING LADY
MOST IRRITATING WHEN
TELLING THE WIFE
NOTHING NICER
CAN'T BE HELPED
WHEN WOMAN RULES
MY REGRET
ROBBING THE PUBLIC
MAKES KAISER ANXIOUS

TWELVE THOUSAND "BULLETS" CHRISTMAS PRIZES VALUE OVER £3,000 THIS WEEK.

CHRISTMAS OFFER!

Xmas Box!

12,000 XMAS PRIZES

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	6,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.	5,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES.

£1000 1ST

£250 2ND

£100 3RD

Greatest Prize Offer ever made!

RESULT OF 213th "BULLETS" COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—
Mrs. GROVES,
5, Clifford Rd., Ipswich.
Example:—THE BEST MAN.
Bullet:—PREFERS "COMMISSION" TO SALARY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—
Mr. JOHN STANDRING,
1, Balfour Rd., Scotland Rochdale.
Example:—SHOCKS STIGGINS.
Bullet:—SEEING "MUCH" IN "LITTLE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—
Mr. S. ARDEE,
30a, Cato Rd., Clapham, S.W.
Example:—WHAT GERMANS THINK.
Bullet:—ALL NEUTRALS CAN SWIM.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—
Mr. F. HARPER, 51, Dewsbury Rd., Anfield, Liverpool:
A COSTLY TREAT—OUR "BLINDING" GOVERNMENT.
Mr. P. E. FERGUSON, 313, Langside Road, Glasgow:
A RESTLESS NIGHT—ONLY THING MISER SPENDS.
Mr. H. G. PARRY, 5, Clyfford Crescent, Newport, Mon.:
CHILD'S PLAY—SELLING PIANOS AT WOOLWICH
SARAH A. HERRINGTON, 88, Edinburgh Road, Chatham:
GOOD FOR NOTHING—RED TAPE—SAVE ENTANGLEMENTS.
Mr. G. BUNN, 101, Chirkdale Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool:
PLEASES THE KAISER—HINDENBURG "ABOVE EVERYONE."
Mrs. ANNIE YOUNG, 33, Spring Gardens, Northampton:
THE BEST MAN—VENEZELOS MUST BE "RECOGNISED."
E. MORTIMER, 12, Balmoral Crescent, Crosshill, Glasgow.
TIND'S MISSUS—HAS "SECURED" HER "OBJECT."
Mr. J. O'SULLIVAN, 25, Serpentine Av., Ballsbridge, Dublin:
WHAT GERMANS THINK—"HOURS" COME, NOT "DAY."
Mrs. WOOD, 8, Greenside St., Blantyre:
ASKING FOR IT—SAVES MISTAKING BABY'S SEX
Mr. T. PAYNE, "Storefield," Geddington, Kettering:
WHEN LEAST EXPECTED—'PRESENTATION"—SO RECIPIENTS SAY.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—
Mr. WYLDES, 21, Gungate, Tamworth:
WIFE'S NEW DRESS—HE RAVES AT "LENGTH."
Capt. J. C. McGRATH, R.A., School of Gunnery, Larkhill, S.P.
ASKING FOR IT—THE "FASHION" AMONG GIRLS.
Mrs. L. SHEPPARD, 382, High Street, Lewisham, S.E.:
WORRIES FATHER—WAITING FOR "ONE." SUNDAY.
Dr. S. B. PENNINGTON, The Ridgeway, Golder's Green, N.:
WHAT GERMANS THINK—NEUTRALS "CONVEY LITTLE" NOW.
Mr. T. PILLSTON, 32, Addison Road, King's Heath, Birmingham:
WHAT GERMANS THINK—STOMACHS ARE "CONTROLLED AFFS."
Mr. J. H. PRICE, c/o, Smith and Co., Cardall Street, Blackheath, Staffs.:
WHEN BREAD RISES—IT'S USELESS "COOKING" FACTS.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 14th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(216) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 21, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 14th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(216) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE 200 WINNERS OF TURKEY PRIZES FOR THE ABOVE COMPETITION WILL BE SENT TO ANY APPLICANT FORWARDING A POSTCARD TO "BULLETS," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. A LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS ALSO APPEAR IN THE "COMPETITION" ISSUE. A LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

BULLETS RULES | 1. The First Prize will be awarded for the best solution of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, of the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d., made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

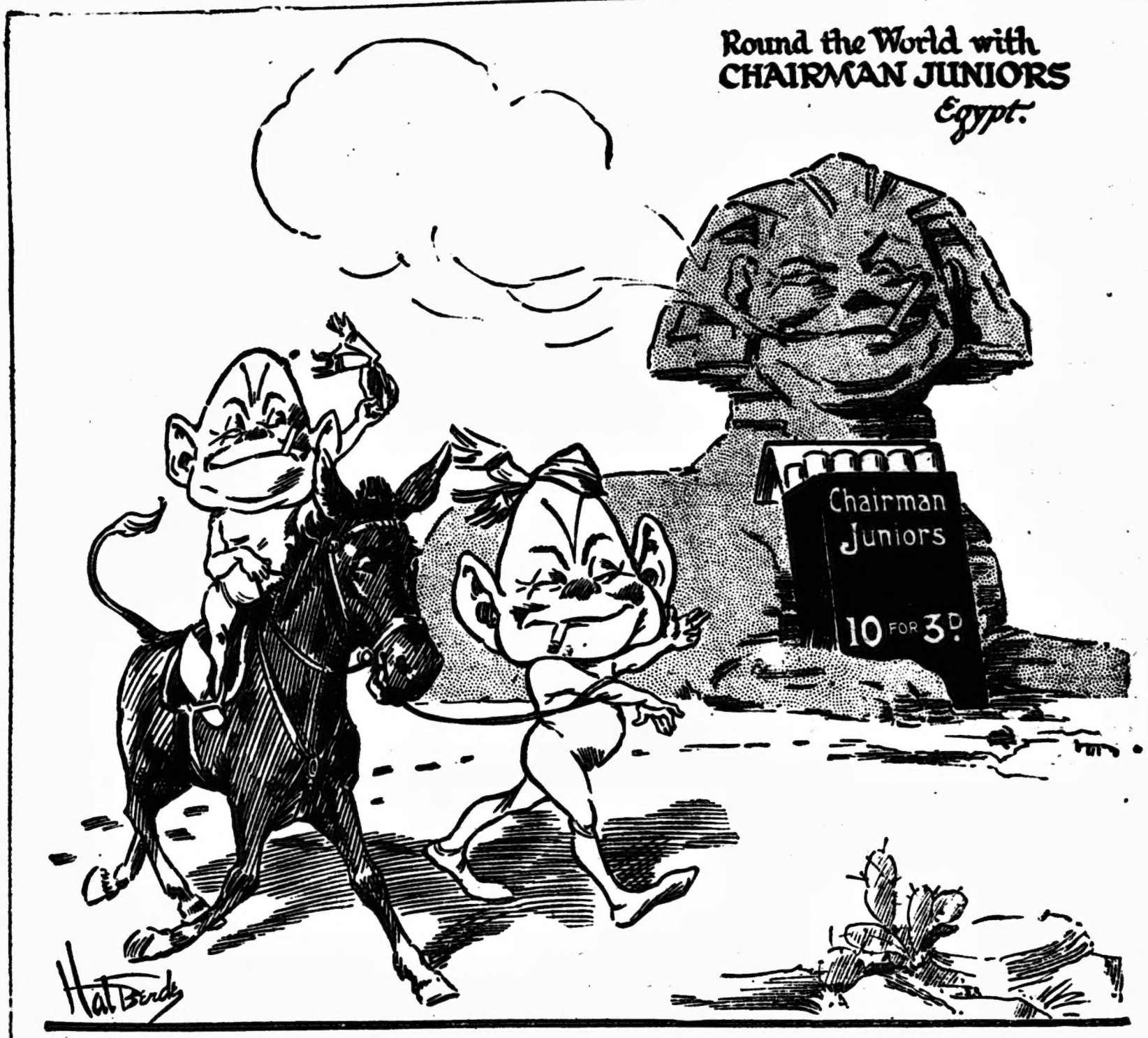
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision in any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express

(continued from last column)

Mr. H. BROCK, St. James'Gate, Dublin:
MAKES SERGEANT SWEAR—SUGGESTING "TERMS" FOR ENEMY.
J. PRESTON, Depot, Seaforth Highlanders, Inverness-shire:
A PRETTY MAID—"BENEATH" DOING SCULLERY WORK
Mr. E. P. NAGINGTON, 12, Grafton Road, Handsworth:
DOUBTFUL STARTER—RENT COLLECTOR IN IRELAND.
Mrs. B. M. WILLIS, 33, Oxford Road, Waterloo, Liverpool:
THE BEST MAN—NAVVY, TO DESCRIBE KAISER.

OUR FREE WAR INSURANCE COUPONS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 27.



Hurrah! we've sold a packet to the Sphinx,
And we left the ancient joker in high jinks;
Chairman Juniors you can tell,
Suit his palate very well,
If you note his cheery smile and artful wink.

The peripatetic artist and irresponsible poet will have it that Chairman Juniors make the Sphinx smile. If its . . . or his or her, whichever gender the Sphinx may be . . . powers of appreciation are equal to its . . . or his or her . . . age, it . . . or he or she . . . would undoubtedly do so. Because they are really good as they are the original fine Chairman Cigarettes made just a trifle smaller to permit them to be sold everywhere by tobacconists and canteens at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the Cigarettes as there are no cards or coupons with them.

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

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